The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1888.

The Week.

THE Senate Tariff Bill marks an era in the great political controversy now going on and which is to continue for some years to come. When the Chicago Convention met in the month of June last, it was under the influence of the House debate on the Mills bill, in which the Republican position had been that of stiff and unbending opposition to any lowering of the rates of duties on any protected articles. It was also under the spell of the Oregon election, which held out the hope that the "cyclone of fear" would sweep the whole country as it did sweep one small State on the Pacific, where there had been no discussion of the tariff, and where two special interests, wool and lumber, were all-powerful. Under these false guides, the Convention committed the stupendous blunder of resolving that there should be no reduction of protective duties on any article, and that rather than reduce any such duties the whole internal-revenue system should be abolished. This public declaration of the party creed was made only four months ago. Nothing could be plainer or more imperative. It forbade any reduction of the duties on sugar, or steel rails, or structural iron, or barytes, or jute, or anything else that is produced in this country. It commanded the Republicans in Congress, when confronted by the necessity of reducing the surplus, to proceed in a certain way, viz., first to reduce the taxes on tobacco and on alcohol used in the arts, then to reduce the duties on articles not produced in this country (except luxuries), and third, to repeal all the taxes on distilled and fermented liquors and oleomargarine.

Now, what has the Senate Finance Committee done? How has it carried out its instructions? It has knocked this precious platform into flinders by reporting a bill to reduce the duties on sugar one-half, and to reduce those on steel rails from $17 to $15.68 per ton, those on structural iron from $28 to $24.60 per ton, while the same bill puts several articles produced in this country and now protected by the tariff on the free list. Henceforth the *principle* has gone out of the Republican creed. The party no longer has any guiding and governing idea. It has "spit upon the platform" as contemptuously as Horace Greeley and the Northern Whigs performed that office for their platform when Gen. Scott was running for the Presidency in 1852. But although the Chicago platform has been thus abused and defied by its own high-priests, the party remains true to its favorite protégés. The duties on wool, the very abomination of the tariff, the main hindrance to the expansion of the woollen industry, and the chief oppression of the poorer classes, are actually increased in this bill, and, what is more wonderful, the duties on carpet wools, which are not produced in this country, are increased also. The reason for the latter increase is that some carpet wools can be used for the coarser kinds of clothing, and thus come into competition in a round-about way with clothing wools. The carpet makers have been hoping for a reduction or repeal of the duties on Donskoi wools on protectionist grounds. They have been asking for bread and they have got a stone.

The Hon. Wm. B. Allison of Iowa was chosen by his colleagues in the Senate to present the Tariff Bill and report of the Finance Committee. Mr. Allison's record on the tariff question is such that anybody familiar with it would naturally be surprised to find him in his present rôle. We can hardly account for the incongruity except upon the theory that all the other members of the Committee, or, at all events, all who are of sufficient prominence to serve as leaders, are "tarred with the same stick." This is certainly true of Mr. Sherman and is partly so of Mr. Morrill, who is, we believe, prevented by illness from attending to his public duties at this time. Mr. Allison's great speech on the tariff was delivered in the House of Representatives, March 24 and 25, 1870. We say "great speech" in no ironical sense. It was the speech of a ready debater who had studied his subject until he was saturated with it. It was calm and dispassionate, bristling with facts, earnest, fearless, and convincing. It was the same kind of a speech as that made by the Hon. Roger Q. Mills when he reported to the House the bill that bears his name. If Mr. Mills had delivered Mr. Allison's speech instead of his own, the difference would not have been noticed, except in matters of detail. The line of argument was the same in both cases, and even as to many of the details. It is a matter of wonder to us that the Democratic National Committee have not printed Mr. Allison's speech as a campaign document on their own side, instead of selecting from it one or two paragraphs on the subject of wool, in which the honorable Senator showed how the high duties on wool had cramped the manufacturer and led to increased importations of woollen goods, and thereby caused an unexampled slaughter of sheep in his own State of Iowa.

Among the remarkable things brought out by Mr. Allison in his speech was his showing of the monstrosities of the iron and steel schedules of the tariff as then existing, and of the rates of duty proposed in the measure then pending, as reported by the Committee of Ways and Means, of which he himself was a member. He concluded with these words, which seem wonderfully applicable to the present time:

"Our policy should be to so cheapen manufactured products that we can revive our export trade, now swept away because we cannot compete with other nations in the markets of the world. If we could restore what we have lost, and in addition greatly enlarge our exportation of manufactures, we would then have an enlarged home market for our agricultural products, which would then be exported in a concentrated form in exchange for other products which we do not and can not produce."

The Boston *Journal* gives great prominence to the annual report of T. Jefferson Coolidge, Treasurer of the Amoskeag Cotton Mills. Mr. Coolidge reports a net profit for the Amoskeag Company of $425,566 for the year, out of which 10 per cent. dividends have been paid, leaving a surplus of $125,566, or nearly 5 per cent. more on the capital stock of $3,000,000. This is certainly gratifying, and Mr. Coolidge would be satisfied but for "the growth of the free-trade feeling in the country." This, he says, gives him some anxiety. We have heard many people say that this growth of free-trade feeling was all moonshine. Indeed, we hear scarcely anything from the Republican speakers and newspapers indicating that there is any such growth. We are surprised, therefore, that Mr. Coolidge should deem it worth noticing in his annual report unless he intended it for the employees rather than the shareholders. In order to show how the growth of free-trade feeling would affect the Amoskeag Mills, Mr. Coolidge makes certain statements about wages, which we print in conjunction with Mr. Blaine's more careful investigations on the same subject:

WHAT MR. COOLIDGE SAYS.	WHAT MR. BLAINE SAID.
According to the most exact figures that I have been able to get, picker hands, carders, mule spinners, and weavers receive in this country from 40 to 80 per cent. more than they do in England, while carpenters, machinists, and masons are paid double. If, therefore, the products of English labor could be imported free, we should have to reduce our labor about 33 per cent. In other words, the English could manufacture for 83 cents what under free trade, at the present price of labor, would cost us 96 cents.	The hours of labor in the Lancashire mills are fifty-six, in the Massachusetts sixty per week. The hours of labor in the mills in the other New England States, where the wages are generally less than in Massachusetts, are usually sixty-six to sixty-nine per week. Undoubtedly the inequalities in the wages of English and American operatives *are more than equalized by the greater efficiency of the latter and their longer hours of labor.*

The difference between Mr. Coolidge's statement and Mr. Blaine's is very striking, but we are bound to give the preference to Mr. Blaine's because he gave his authority for English wages, while Mr. Coolidge gives none. He only says, "the most exact figures I have been able to pick up." We have before us the figures of a man who has been picking them up systematically and very lately, viz., Mr. J. Schoenhof, American Consul at Tunstall, England. Mr. Schoenhof's report having been published by the State Department, and a copy of it having fallen into the hands of the editor of the Liverpool *Daily Post*, that paper is moved to say, in its issue of August 6, that, notwithstanding *the higher*

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wages paid in England to cotton operatives than in the United States, English spinners can more than hold their own on account of the finer yarns used by them. "Thus," it says, "125 yards of cloth here will take fourteen pounds of yarn, and in America eighteen pounds—a clear gain of four pounds to the English manufacturer. If this difference was equalized, it is calculated that there would be a balance left in favor of America *sufficient to cover the higher labor cost of this country.*"

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* takes pains to explain how a reduction of the duties on sugar is consistent with the national Republican platform. It says that the growth of sugar shows no tendency to increase in this country. The production is no larger now than it was years and years ago. Therefore there is no reason to suppose that further protection would lead to increased production. Well, does your blessed platform say anything about articles that show no tendency to increase in the amount of the product? Not a word. It says:

"If there shall still remain a larger revenue than is requisite for the wants of the Government, *we favor the entire repeal of internal taxes rather than the surrender of any part of our protective system* at the joint behest of the Whiskey Trust and the agents of foreign manufacturers."

Of course we are in favor of knocking this platform into smithereens, but we want you to acknowledge that that is what you are doing. Moreover, we beg to inquire how much the production of carpet-wool has increased in this country, and how much it tends to increase—this article upon which your Finance Committee proposes an increased duty of one cent per pound.

What is this? A whole speech from Mr. Blaine, the first formal effort of his in the Western States, and not a word in it about the tariff? Yet this same Mr. Blaine said, in his first speech after reaching this country from Europe, on August 10, in defining the issue for the present campaign:

"It is not, in the ordinary sense, a contest of partisan against partisan. It is a contest which entirely transcends party motive; it is a contest as to whether the great mass of American citizens, who earn their bread in the sweat of their faces, shall have their wages seriously reduced from day to day. That is the whole pith and moment of this question, and *anything that diverts the attention of the American people from that single point tends, in my judgment, to weaken the campaign.*"

If this was so in August, how can Mr. Blaine devote a whole speech in October to the veto power of the President, without "diverting attention" and "weakening the campaign"? Is the American laborer to be deserted at the very crisis of his wages in order that Mr. Blaine may assail the President's previous record, and thus make the contest one of "partisan against partisan"?

Mr. Blaine's latest campaign lie, embraced in his Third Series since his return from Europe, is the following, uttered at Detroit, concerning the deposit of Government funds in national-bank depositories:

"Now, I have known something about the Government of the United States—have had some little to do with it; but if that had been done any time within the last twenty years by a Republican Secretary of the Treasury, the Democrats in the House would have tried to impeach him. I repeat it. I don't say that I would vote to impeach Mr. Fairchild—that is another question; but if any Secretary since Salmon P. Chase was first appointed by Lincoln had done that with $60,000,000 of the public money, I say that the Democratic House, if in power, would have moved his impeachment."

Let us see how this statement tallies with facts. In a public document entitled 'Specie Resumption and Refunding,' sent to the Forty-sixth Congress by the Hon. John Sherman, Republican Secretary of the Treasury, at pages 984 and 985 is a statement of "Assets of the United States Treasury." Among these assets are the following items for seven successive months.

DEPOSITS HELD BY NATIONAL-BANK DEPOSITORIES.

Feb. 1, 1879		$106,357,141 26
March 1,	"	249,586,805 22
April 1,	"	226,681,802 01
May 1,	"	260,760,430 69
June 1,	"	276,442,471 36
July 1,	"	201,402,860 97
Aug. 1,	"	97,078,837 26

The intelligent reader will observe that at each of these months the amount held by national bank depositories was larger than the largest amount deposited therein by Secretary Fairchild, and that at three dates, viz., March 1, May 1, and June 1, 1879, the amount was more than four times as large. The matter is of no importance, except as a fresh illustration of Mr. Blaine's recklessness on the stump.

Panels in the cars of the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad are now occupied with Republican electioneering placards, one of which has recently appeared with one forgery and three lies in four sentences. The forgery is the extract from the London *Spectator*, which has been repeatedly exposed in our columns, but is still, with extraordinary effrontery, issued from the Republican headquarters. The use of these panels has been rented by the railroad company to the Manhattan News Company, with, we are informed by Superintendent Hain, no restriction except as to indecency. It would appear, however, that this restriction is not enough. There ought to be a restriction directed against forgery and libellous matter. Also, we will add that we think it is gross abuse of its franchise on the part of the elevated railroad company to permit the appearance in its cars at all of advertisements in any way offensive to any large class of its customers. The great majority of its customers are Democrats, and it is of course annoying to them to have lying or abusive electioneering placards issued by their opponents staring them in the face every time they travel in the elevated trains. The company ought to observe a strict neutrality in political as well as in religious matters. It has no more right to surrender its space to party diatribes than to attacks on a particular religious creed or denomination; and it ought to call on the news company to remove these placards, whether their contents be forged or not.

It is perhaps not so strange as at first thought it seems that the Republicans should cling so stoutly to their forged quotations. The quotations in question could by no possibility be expected to influence any but the most ignorant and prejudiced of voters, but it is evident that only among such voters can the Republicans expect to make any gains this year. Among intelligent and impartial men the drift against them grows stronger every week. Two evidences come simultaneously to our notice. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury under the first Republican President and the last, has declared his purpose to support Mr. Cleveland on account of the latter's policy on the tariff, which he regards as simply carrying out the principles which the Republican party advocated in its prime. Prof. H. M. Whitney of Beloit (Wis.) College, a lifelong Republican, has written a letter giving his reasons for voting with the Democrats this fall, which are briefly these: The prominence of Mr. Blaine in the canvass, and the intention to make him "the commanding influence in the Harrison Administration," "the extraordinary badness of the Republican platform," "the likelihood that Mr. Cleveland, if reëlected, will do more than Mr. Harrison would do to rescue the public service from the spoilsmen," and "the difference between the two parties as to the reduction of taxes and the reform of the tariff," as to which issue he considers the Democrats right and the Republicans wrong.

Prof. Whitney concludes his statement with this interesting passage:

"It seems better to vote with a party that is advancing out of a bad record into a good one, than with a party that is sinking from a good record into a bad one. The Scripture authorizes us to 'forget those things which are behind' in 'reaching forth into those things which are before.' The attitude of the Democratic party, under President Cleveland's lead, seems to me to afford much better hope for the future of the country."

This is a view of the matter which merits the careful consideration of Republicans of the Dr. Storrs school, who admit that the party is all wrong now, but say that it ought to be supported because of its "majestic history." There is something very curious about this advice of a teacher of morality, that one must forever follow the lead of an association of men because this association was once controlled by noble men actuated by lofty purposes. Dr. Storrs would never for a moment think of telling people that they ought to follow a particular man who had taken to drink and was up to all sorts of evil performances, because twenty-five years ago he used to be a most estimable citizen. But he seriously advises people to vote for the association of men called the Republican party, when it means the dominance of such men as Blaine and "Pat" Ford, because twenty-five years ago the association of men then called the Republican party had such a leader as Abraham Lincoln. There certainly is no rule of conduct laid down in the teachings of moralists without claim to

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inspiration, that justifies such action, and Prof. Whitney declares himself unable to reconcile it with the teachings of Scripture.

Gov. Hill appears to have prepared a very long and labored defence of his veto of the Ballot-Reform Bill, to have furnished the newspapers with printed slips of it, and then to have "cut it down" in delivery at Monday night's meeting. This was unnecessary. He gave some very long-winded "reasons" for his act at the time he vetoed the bill, and then forgot himself and gave his true reason by sneering, not at the bill, but at the principle of it, by calling it a "mongrel foreign system." He declares now that he is in favor of the principle of electoral reform, and declares that he "would cheerfully approve a well-considered measure" securing such reform. The friends of Ballot-Reform will take that promise for precisely what it is worth—nothing. Gov. Hill made a formal promise in a message to the Legislature to approve a high-license bill that should contain specifications which he enumerated. A bill was drawn on the lines laid down by him, and when it reached him he vetoed it in defiance of his formal pledge.

Mayor Hewitt may well be proud of the popular assemblage which put him in nomination for reëlection at Cooper Union last week. It is entirely safe to say that no body of citizens more fairly representing the intelligence and character of the community was ever gathered in that hall. They came together without the aid of political machinery, and for the single purpose of expressing their approval of a faithful official and of demanding his continuance in office. It would be difficult to devise a plan for nominating a candidate for office which would be more in accordance with the spirit of popular government than this was. That it was a representative body no one can deny, nor that it expressed the will of an overwhelming majority of the "virtue and intelligence" of the city. Speeches were made by both Democrats and Republicans—all citizens of recognized power in the community—and the assemblage itself was composed of people of all political creeds. Here we have precisely the conditions which the most unprejudiced and thoughtful students of the problems of municipal government have declared to be necessary if we are to secure needed reform—that is, complete obliteration of party lines, and the agreement of the friends of honest government in all parties upon the candidate who is best fitted for the place.

The most encouraging piece of news from Indiana for a long while is the announcement that the Republican and Democratic State Committees have reached an agreement regarding the constitution of election boards which is fair and sensible in itself, and which must operate against election frauds. It is in the following terms: "It is hereby requested and directed that in all election precincts where the inspector is a Democrat, he shall appoint a judge and clerk to be selected by the Republicans of such precinct; and where the inspector is a Republican, he shall appoint a judge and clerk to be selected by the Democrats of the precinct." This is an adoption of the non-partisan principle that ought to govern the conduct of elections everywhere, and it is the more significant from the fact that it occurs in a State where each party has been in the habit of seizing exclusive control of the machinery at the polls whenever it could get a chance. The Chairman of the Democratic State Committee has also made a further proposition for united action by all parties to secure a fair election in Indianapolis, where frauds have in the past been notorious. His suggestion was the formation of a committee composed of 100 members, 50 of which should be named by the Democratic Committee and 50 by the Republican Committee, or, better still, 45 by each of the old parties and 10 by the Prohibition State Committee, all to be reputable citizens of Indianapolis, whose business it should be to discover and punish illegal voting and election frauds of every description, and to establish branches under like conditions in every county in the State. The Republican managers have declined the proposition, on the ground that an organization formed a year ago for similar purposes could do the work equally well; but the Democrats complain that they are not fairly represented on this latter committee, while the Republicans can give no sufficient reason for not accepting a suggestion which is obviously fair.

Mr. Theodore Thomas's experience proves that in order to keep an orchestra together in New York, it is necessary to travel with it, not only to neighboring cities, but to those in the far West. It is impossible to secure orchestral players on contract except by guaranteeing them at least four performances a week. New York has never shown itself willing to support even one performance a week during the winter, and the result has been that, in order to play in New York, the orchestra must spend two or three nights a week in railway trains. The tax of travel like this upon men whose work is of so delicate a character can easily be imagined. When, moreover, it has been endured in order to make it possible to play in New York, and it turns out that New York does not care enough for the music to pay the expenses of one concert a week, it becomes difficult to see why the work should be continued. It is an actual fact that for many years Mr. Thomas has striven with all the energy at his command to earn money enough with his orchestra outside this city to defray the losses which he has incurred in a brief season in New York. Is it any wonder that he has grown tired of this? Ought New York music-lovers to exact this heavy tax from him for the privilege of playing to them?

One of the few persons who saw Marshal Bazaine in his latter days describes, in a letter to the *Figaro*, his last end, which was certainly—even if he were guilty of everything charged against him—pathetic enough, in all conscience. He married a young and pretty Mexican before his downfall, and she assisted him with great devotion in making his escape from the fortress in which he was confined, and they settled in Madrid. At that time they apparently had some money, and she for a while dressed well, went into society, and they entertained. But as the years went by, their resources began to fail. They moved from one lodging to another, each time to a cheaper one, and saw fewer and fewer people. Finally his wife left him for good, and returned to Mexico, taking one of their two children with her, and the poor old fellow moved into a mere half-furnished garret, without other attendant than his son, a non-commissioned officer in the Spanish Army, on whose scanty pay he lived. One of the strange sights of Madrid during the past year was the ex-marshal tottering to the market in the morning, and bringing home under his arm the brown-paper parcel containing the meat and vegetables for his dinner. He died, finally, quite alone in his garret, and was carried to the grave in a cheap coffin, followed only by his son and half-a-dozen other persons. The myth of Belisarius and his obolus is hardly so striking an illustration of the vanity of human greatness as this. Bazaine was really no more of a traitor than a score of others, but he had the ill-luck to surrender more men and guns to the enemy.

There has been almost until now a disposition to sympathize with Bazaine's chief, the late Emperor Napoleon, as a man who was deceived by his generals as to the condition of the army, and bore his overthrow with dignity and fortitude. It was in England particularly that this view prevailed, but the Crown Prince's diary has completely exploded it, and in doing so has thrown some light on the causes of Bazaine's strange behavior in surrendering Metz. As is well known, Napoleon made an attempt to secure an alliance with Germany for the partition of Belgium after the Luxembourg affair, and Bismarck had the cruelty to get the French ambassador at Berlin, Benedetti, to put it in writing in his own hand, and when the French denied it, Bismarck published the document. But what was not known was that after the surrender at Sedan, and while Napoleon was a prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe, he renewed this proposal in some shape—"quietly seeking a 'rapprochement' with us," the diary says—"moderation of the peace conditions on promise of a common war against England." This was in March, 1871, six months after Napoleon's capture. There can hardly be a doubt that this idea that some better political use might be found for the army than continuing to fight the Germans, was not confined to the Emperor himself. It ran in the heads of his immediate followers as soon as they discovered what tough customers the Germans were.

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THE LATEST PROTECTIONIST SPOOK.

THE protectionist argument, as brought down to date, consists of the following propositions, knit together in the closest logic: With our high rate of wages we cannot compete with the cheaper products of foreign countries, and must lay heavy duties to keep them out; yet this duty is not a tax on the consumer, for all manufactured articles are cheaper in this country than anywhere else in the world; but it would never do to take off the duty thus proved unnecessary, for, once admitted to our markets, the foreign manufacturer would first put down his prices so low as to crush out all our industries, and then, having us at his mercy, would exact our uttermost farthing with his exorbitant monopolistic prices. This combined improvement of Porter on Harrison, and refinement of Wharton over Porter, so far as it is based upon anything but the imagination, is, we suppose, a vague recollection of what took place in 1814–'15. Manufactures which had sprung up in the entire absence of competition, owing to the embargo and the war, no sooner had the consumer by the throat than the importations began again. For twenty years they tried to get their grip on again, making taxation restore the blessings of war and non-intercourse. Even then, however, nothing like what Mr. Joseph Wharton's warm imagination pictures took place, and never will, while either maxims or markets exist.

It may, nevertheless, help to show what total lack of discrimination, and what blissful ignorance of "abroad," mark this beautiful argument, if we call to mind the fact that there is no such thing as a unified foreign competition from which American manufactures have, or will have, to suffer. That is but another bogey. When we turn from the hysterical shrieks over it to inquire what it really is, we find it has no more substance than a Brocken spectre. The fact is that the manufacturing nations of Europe are engaged in the bitterest kind of commercial warfare with each other. So far from plotting together to make a united swoop upon this country, if the Mills bill passes, they are dealing each other just the ugliest blows they can devise, and are too eagerly intent on watching their immediate antagonists to trouble themselves very much about what is going on here. Europe is at this moment one great battle-field of tariffs. Its industries are pitted against each other in the sharpest competition, and are straining every nerve to win an advantage in neutral markets.

Every one who reads the foreign trade journals will know how jealously each country scrutinizes the returns of the commerce of every other. The figures of the Board of Trade, given month by month, are looked for with the eagerness with which important news from a war is expected. They are discussed in Paris and in Berlin as much as in London. Similarly, the French and German returns are made public, and are studied with more interest than the stock reports. Every sign of advance brings exhilaration at home, and carries dismay abroad. A Berlin correspondent of *Le Nord* recently described the anxiety caused to the Germans by their diminishing foreign trade this year, especially as compared with the steady gain of England. The reciprocity treaty between France and Italy came to an end last year, through the initiative of France, and the economists of the latter country are studying the effects of this action, as revealed in the trade of the current year, with an almost feverish interest. Everywhere are signs of sharper rivalry and more stringent retaliatory legislation. Mr. Wharton's portentous combination of foreign manufacturers is all in the clouds.

If they ever had any idea of conspiring, according to his fancy, or if they were in search of convenient fields for the display of their greed, they would have tried it in South America or in Asia and Africa long ago. All the conditions would have been just to their mind, as Mr. Wharton understands the case. They would not even have had to suffer a temporary loss in crushing out native manufacturers, for there were none. All they would have had to do would have been to agree upon the dizziest prices they could think of, and then divide the profits. How far they are from having done this, or even thinking of it, everybody at all acquainted with the facts understands perfectly. The strife of English, French, and German manufacturers is just as keen in all South America as it is in Europe, and that means that it is as keen as can be. With remarkable zeal and patience and skill have the Germans, in particular, worked up a foreign trade in competition with their great rivals. To the results of their superior technical education, they have added the advantage of a vast system of skilled solicitors of trade in foreign countries, have endowed chairs of Oriental languages for the express purpose of raising up trained and competent commercial travellers, and have, in fact, put all their intellect and genius for details at the service of their exporters. As a consequence, the English have undoubtedly lost relatively in some markets where they had held an unquestioned supremacy. They themselves admit this, and are doing their utmost to recover their advantage. One measure adopted with this end in view has been the establishment of a sort of co-operative society for the promotion of foreign trade. Its aim is to gather the fullest and latest trade statistics, to receive information from foreign countries at the hands of special agents, to give publicity to every trade opening that the world furnishes—to do, in short, on a large scale and for a great number, what each of the great exporting houses has had to do for itself.

It is, of course, possible that an international syndicate may control for a time an article of limited production like copper. Even this is a costly and dubious undertaking, as the London *Economist* has recently shown. But that any of the great lines of manufacture can be "cornered" even for a time is so improbable, in the face of existing conditions, that a reasonable man will entirely dismiss it from the account. We may add that we do not expect Mr. Wharton to dismiss it. His fears, however, might be allayed by the reflection that we should have time enough, when we saw the combination forming, to defeat it by promptly putting up the tariff again. On second thoughts, though, we fear that our manufacturers would not consent to that, since, if an international pool were in the wind, they would want to be in it, as Mr. Carnegie is reported to be going into the international steel-rail pool; and then, we will freely admit, the last state of the American consumer would be worse than the first.

PROTECTIONISM RUN MAD.

THE Rev. Edward Everett Hale has made a contribution to the literature of this campaign in the shape of a little book called 'Tom Torrey's Tariff Talk.' It does not call for special comment as regards the economic arguments which are brought forward, or rather insinuated, by Mr. Hale's bucolic but crafty spokesman, for these have been discussed, in one form or another, scores and hundreds of times. But it does seem worth while to call attention to the illustration which this production affords of the sacrifices of dignity and moral tone and national pride which the protectionist superstition demands of its votaries.

It is saying much, but we think not too much, to assert that Mr. Hale goes further than any other writer we have had the privilege of reading, in maintaining that few if any of the things which have made this nation great would have been accomplished had it not been for the blessings of the tariff. He is not content with pointing to high wages and extensive manufactures and flourishing market-gardens, and exclaiming, Behold the fruits of protection! He is not ashamed to put into the same category with these American literature and education. One of his eight chapters is devoted to "Books and Authors," and is intended to convey the idea that had it not been for protection, we should now be teaching our children to read from English primers, and that we should have had no more than a straggling handful of American authors, who would have to send to England to get their books printed. Mr. Hale is unquestionably a patriotic as well as an educated American; and it is not less astonishing than it is humiliating to think that such a man should be willing to ignore all the mighty forces which have made American literature and American learning what they are, in order to swell the list of American achievements which the tariff system impudently claims as its own.

Along with the extravagance of such claims, it is natural to find the prejudice and Jingoism which partisan demagogues so persistently aim to foster, but which one might have hoped to find absent from the work of a philanthropist and minister of the Gospel. The following extract will in some measure illustrate these points:

"I was brought up to consider Charles I. a saint and a martyr, and Oliver Cromwell a fanatic and a murderer, simply because the

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people who wrote the books which I read as a child chose to think so, and lived in England. Why, as lately as when Agassiz first came to this country, he went into a Cambridge printing-office, where they were printing a book of natural history. They showed him the sheets with some pride, and Agassiz said, 'Yes, I see. An American school-book, with pictures of three butterflies, and not one of the butterflies was ever in America!' That is the way to bring up children in a colony. . . . And when my friend Cobden comes over here, and wants me to continue that system of education, I do not fancy it."

Mr. Hale is fond of speaking of "the emancipation of 1861," meaning the initiation of our present high-tariff system; it would be interesting to get his private opinion of the work our colleges and authors and publishers were doing during the dreadful "free-trade" period of fifteen years preceding that date.

Mr. Hale expresses himself as sorely tempted to wish there were a sea of fire which would keep foreign novels out of the hands of our young people. Strangely enough, he only remembers to mention three foreign novelists, two of whom are Zola and "The Duchess"; his opinion as to the desirability of excluding Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot, Tolstoi and Turgeneff, is not set down. Neither does he have anything to say as to whether the best way of keeping out Zola and The Duchess is the permission of literary piracy for the "protection" of our printers, though his definition of "the American System" would seem to indicate that he approves of that interesting feature of our protective institutions. "One part of that system," he says, "is protection; another part is homesteads; another part is free schools; another part is cheap books. It all belongs together. It hangs together." However this may be, it seems to us that this kind of talk "hangs together" remarkably well with such reckless and ignorant libelling of one of the great names in the intellectual history of the Anglo-Saxon race as Mr. Hale indulges in, when he says of Adam Smith that "the French do say that he stole everything he had to say from Turgot."

Mr. Hale says that the Mills Tariff Bill "proposes to transfer to Europe about half a thousand various industries." Is it possible that Mr. Hale believed this when he wrote it? We can only suppose that the state of mind which a man must get himself into when he writes tariff talks of the Tom Torrey variety precludes the exercise of those mental powers by which men are enabled to ascertain the proportions of things in the world about them, and to measure the significance of their own utterances. But we can tell Mr. Hale of one industry which the passage of the Mills bill would be pretty sure to transfer to Europe—or to limbo. That event would put an end to the occupation of the howling dervishes of protection, of the men who uphold tariffs in the bloody-shirt fashion. The triumph of the Mills bill will not mean free trade, but it will mean free thought; it will mean that hereafter, when the wisdom of a 100 per cent. duty on blankets is called into question, its upholder will no longer attempt to shut his opponent's mouth by calling him a British free-trader and an enemy of our public schools, but will have to stand like a man and show rational cause for the maintenance of that particular feature of our tariff laws.

RELIGION IN THE BACK TOWNS.

THE interesting papers published in the *Evening Post* two years ago on the decay of religion in the "back towns" of New England provoked by their appearance some unregulated comment, and even contradiction, but no serious refutation. The facts in the case, indeed, were notorious, and they were stated in the papers under mention with entire sobriety of expression. Those statements find fresh justification in late numbers of the *Andover Review*, published pretty nearly in the centre of the region of "back towns," which has printed recently several articles on "The Problem of the Country Church," the first by the Rev. John Tunis in the September number, and four others in the October number by the Rev. Samuel W. Dike, LL.D., the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, the Rev. M. J. Allen, and the Rev. Charles L. Merriam.

All of these writers take the "problem" for granted. Dr. Dike says it is of "present vast proportions." How great it is may appear from Mr. Sheldon's remark that "in very many cases, the more odd and impracticable the method seemed [of solving it], the more fruitful it has been of good results." Some things proposed are: Distribution of printed copies of sermons; regulation of church music by the pastor; greater variety in prayer-meetings; short sermons, and "a violin and cornet," with "a talk on the Chinese Bill, and the main incidents in the life of Gen. Sheridan" on Sunday evenings; a blackboard, to contain a summary of the forthcoming sermon; a "Church Wagon" or "Gospel Sleigh," very like the political method of "getting aged and infirm voters to the polls"; libraries and reading-rooms; public entertainments and lectures; a gymnasium and evening school; a musical and literary society; amusement-rooms; drawing-schools; "a wide-awake, able, and thoroughly consecrated man," to be appointed "superintendent" of "three or four very weak churches whose parish boundaries are contiguous," who shall enjoy "a good salary" and a parsonage, and be assisted by young men from the seminaries who "would, no doubt, be willing to assist in this work if their expenses were paid."

These things are all proposed seriously. They show the apparently hopeless nature of the problem. To incite to religion by public entertainments, gymnasiums, amusement-rooms, drawing-schools, and musical and literary societies, is like acquiring the knowledge of scientific taxation by sprint-running and the study of botany. Or, it is even more grotesque than that, since the study of botany will communicate some notion of the benefit which the natural world derives from freedom of exchange. And as for the things urged which do bear directly upon religion, why, a great part of the "problem" is to get them. If you have them, the problem disappears. If you can give "a good salary" and a parsonage to a superintendent, you must have religious interest to begin with, and the trouble is that you have not got it. Yet this device in essence is only a shift of making one minister suffice for three or four churches, which is but "confession and avoidance," and not a triumph over any difficulty.

We are bound to say that more useful ideas than these are advanced. Dr. Dike says:

"Such supplementary study, counsel, and direction must be provided as will make the work of the Church complete—complete in the views of truth she gives, complete in the range of forces and agencies she uses, and complete in the life her work shall reach. Next to lack of divine power and consecration, it is due to her present incompleteness in these various directions that the religious problem of the country church has grown to its present vast proportions. The broadest possible study, with thoroughly scientific methods, looking to readjustments by which the most harmonious and fullest uses of every possible Christian instrumentality shall be secured, is the first great necessity."

Mr. Sheldon (of Waterbury, Vt.) remarks:

"One of the first things that a country pastor should settle for himself and the community is this: the church as a church must be *interesting*. By that is not meant that it must be the centre of amusements or entertainments, but that the church, as an organization with Christ at its head, must be, in all its service of preaching and song and ritual, a genuine source of the best kind of moral excitement. A country parish is of necessity much more in need of the best sensational preaching, for example, than the city parish. The pastor must occupy the position of stimulator far oftener than that of instructor. If he can furnish a community with the interesting phases of moral problems, he is making the church in the country a more powerful factor in its place than the same organization in the city, for he is making it the *one* centre of attraction in spiritual awakening."

And the same writer, whose article shows much power of suggestion, puts stress on the need of pastoral acquaintance with the people. "He obtained the permission of his people to board around with them, one week with a family at a time, lodging and taking breakfast in his own home, and going out to dinner and tea. This plan was continued one entire winter, and nearly twenty families received their pastor into their homes, not as a guest, but as one of the family. One of the best things about this experiment was the opportunity it gave for visiting and getting acquainted with the *men* in the community, as they very seldom failed to be present at meal times!" There is the right note of good inventiveness about this. Mr. Sheldon says also:

"The country pastor may well devote a large amount of time to the careful preparation of preaching material, not fearing to depart from the ways of the fathers; for there is no place where new things may be more successfully and fearlessly tried than in a country church. (This is contrary to general tradition.) In the large majority of cases, novelty in methods, combined with a genuine love of men and consecrated common sense, will be acceptable. There must be a change in pulpit methods before the country church will assume in the community its right place and distinctiveness."

Suggestions of other writers also are useful, such as permanent pastorates (which means resisting the temptations of "larger fields of usefulness"), turning "the noble consecration" of home or foreign missionaries "towards the depopulated and almost discouraged rural town," church recognition of the weaker by the stronger parishes, sympathy between city and country pastors,

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etc., etc.; and, finally, local missionary work —the country church to "send the Glad Tidings" to places "three or four miles from the central villages." But the people within three or four miles from the central villages have been born and bred within sound of the glad tidings, yet they do not care for them. The question is, How are they to be made to care? In other words, how is the feeling for religion to be diffused again generally?

Nearly all the methods proposed require the condition desired to begin with. If right religious feeling were common, pastorates would be permanent, sympathy would be perfect between both churches and ministers, the New England people would go to meeting even three or four miles away. Mr. Sheldon says: "The Church of Christ can be made the most interesting organization on earth." Why is it not so, and why—as we think must be allowed to be the case—is it receding further and further from that rank? It is not for us to say that too much "new theology" unsettles men's belief, or that the spirit of the age is intolerant of so much of the old theology as is retained, or in fact anything further than this—that something there is, deeper than any of the *Andover Review* writers have sounded, which must be found before we shall know the reason why, in our day, there is no more power in the force which subdued the Roman world—the force, unique in history, of which a writer in another part of this same *Review* says: "It was the most fiery energy the world had ever seen. It seized upon everything within its reach—the speech, and wealth, and buildings, as well as the manners and hearts of men."

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

PRESIDENT BARNARD'S annual report to the Trustees of the College touches on a number of very interesting topics, and on none more interesting than "the graduate department" —that is, the department which contains those who are prosecuting their studies after having completed the ordinary course exacted for the pass degree. He says:

"A resolution is now pending before the Board, inquiring whether it is not advisable that the whole scheme of education in Columbia College should be raised to a higher plane, and which involves the further question whether it is not advisable to discontinue the Department of Arts. So long as this question remains under discussion before the Governing Board, it would not be becoming in the undersigned to pronounce an opinion upon it here. It may be permitted, however, to say in this place, that if the question were merely as to the sufficiency and importance of the work proposed, there could be no doubt that our faculties could find ample and adequate occupation if they were confined to giving instruction exclusively to graduate students. On the other hand, such has been the excessive multiplication of undergraduate colleges in our country in recent years, that the business of these colleges is greatly overdone, and it would certainly be a material benefit to the educational interests of our country if a large proportion of the existing colleges could be suppressed. From statistics gathered by the undersigned in former years with great labor, it was made manifest that while in the last half century the proportion of students in arts in American colleges has been gradually but steadily diminishing, the number of colleges has, on the other hand, more than correspondingly increased. Since about 1837 the population of the country has increased four-fold and the number of colleges three-fold, while the number of students in arts has in the meantime only doubled. In the country generally the number of students under instruction at any given time is in a proportion of about 1 to 2,000 or 2,500. In 1830 the average attendance on the existing colleges was sixty-seven each, and in 1880 about forty each. There is not a State in the Union in which the number of colleges is not greatly in excess of the educational needs of the population. This city itself may be taken as an illustration. New York has about 1,500,000 of inhabitants. It should be capable of furnishing, therefore, at the ratio of 1 to 2,500, 600 undergraduate students in arts. This is not a number greater than could be comfortably provided for in a single college. Nevertheless we have three, not counting the minor colleges under the care of the fathers of the Roman Catholic Church. It would not be, therefore, educationally a misfortune if Columbia College should cease to exist as a school for undergraduate students. The city would still be fully supplied with educational advantages, while there could be no doubt that this institution could be more profitably employed by confining itself to the field of superior education. Whatever be the policy pursued in this matter, nevertheless it is the unavoidable tendency of things to press upon Columbia College more and more constantly from year to year the duty of providing for the wants of the superior class of students—that is to say, the business of proper university instruction. The location of the institution in the greatest city of the continent is peculiarly favorable to such an undertaking; and though the College is not possessed of funds sufficient to enable it to carry out this complete design, it is hardly to be doubted that provision may sooner or later become sufficient to accomplish this object. One advantage which we already possess towards it consists in the library, which, although incomplete in some details, goes far towards supplying the needs of students engaged in literary or scientific research; and this is a possession which in the nature of things must constantly improve in value."

What this means, it may be necessary to explain to those who have not followed the discussion, is that enormous amounts of money and the time of a very large body of learned and able men are now spent, all over the country, in giving a very slender education to the class known as "college boys"—that is, the youths who haze, and have "cane-rushes," and who "bury Legendre," and cut those other childish pranks which make President Barnard rejoice that so many of the undergraduates of Columbia "live at home with papa and mamma," as Mrs. Micawber said. The curse of these youths for collegiate purposes is their youthfulness, not so much in years as in character; and this youthfulness of character is largely a tradition of earlier days when American colleges were really boys' schools, in which it was a question, when even a Senior misbehaved, whether to flog him or expel him. That is to say, we still have "cane-rushes" and "burying Legendre," in a very large degree because past generations of students nearer to the nursery than this one used to enjoy them. Traditions are strong in schools and colleges, and the more childish a custom is, the deeper its roots are apt to be.

Now, a great many thoughtful people have begun to mourn over what seems the waste of talent and money on these youths, so many of whom do not really care for instruction, which goes on throughout the Union, and to ask themselves whether the time has not come to devote more of both the talent and money to providing for the wants of real students—that is, for maturer youths who are undeniably eager to learn, on whom "the higher education" is well bestowed, and who would repay the country for giving it to them some sixty and some an hundred-fold. Of the little colleges, in which the college boys practise their little games, there will evidently never be any lack. Munificent rich men seem never to weary of providing and endowing them. The country, as President Barnard points out, swarms with them already, and their number increases annually. They undoubtedly have their use. Every neighborhood which has one benefits by it in some degree, morally or intellectually. The youths who frequent them are in some degree improved by them. But in so far as they pass for universities, and the education which they give passes for a university education, and the men who establish them fancy that in establishing them they are doing the best that can be done for American intellectual culture, they are a hindrance. They interfere with the creation of real universities, to which only those would go who were eager to learn, and in which every dollar spent would be spent fruitfully, and in which the time of learned professors would not be frittered away in seeing that their disciples behaved like grown-up people in the streets and the campus, and knew their "lessons" in the recitation room.

A good start in the direction of such universities has been made by the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, and also by Columbia, Yale, and Harvard, in so far as they have provided post-graduate courses and special professional schools. It is only such colleges as these which really can grow into universities, and get rid of the little men who "rush," and "haze," and "bury Legendre." It is absurd to waste magnificent endowments, and great libraries, and costly apparatus, and learned professors —most of them fit for the work of original research—on boys who could get all they want in any village academy or city high school, and still live at home with papa and mamma. The country needs all the help it can get from the very highest culture in resisting the torrent of materialism which has, ever since the war, been flowing over the land; and for such culture nothing would do so much good as two or three real universities.

THE "PAUPER LABOR" TROUBLE IN FRANCE.

THE difficulties into which a protectionist policy plunges a government which is staggering under its burdens, are being gradually illustrated in France in a curious way. Two years ago, in obedience to the demands of the farmers, who were suffering both from a series of bad harvests and from American competition, duties were placed on agricultural produce. The objection to such duties in a great manufacturing country is, of course, that they raise the cost of living to the artisan, and therefore the cost of production to the manufacturer. Accordingly bread became rapidly dearer, and bread plays a more important part in the popular diet in France, probably, than in any other country in the world. It is not uncommon for French workingmen to breakfast off bread and wine alone. Therefore, when it became dear, the city population in Paris became

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furious, and applied to the Municipal Council to fix a maximum price, which it did. Thereupon the bakers closed their shops, and then the bread-eaters became riotous and broke some of them open. Some sort of compromise has been reached in Paris, under which the sale of bread has been resumed, but the situation remains a very delicate one. The bakers are not content, and cannot find their business very profitable as long as flour is so dear. But flour must be kept dear to please the farmers, and the vicious circle is thus maintained.

This is only one trouble. Another and more serious one is the influx of poor foreigners, or, as we call it, "pauper labor." These foreigners, mainly Italian, Belgian, and Spanish, flow into France to fill a vacuum caused by the crowding of the native French farm laborers into the towns. This drift has been in recent years something very remarkable, and has greatly increased the difficulties of French farming. It has been partially met by Italian and Belgian immigration. But this immigration of course cannot be confined to the country districts. It makes its way into the cities also, and thus brings a very low class of labor into direct competition with the already discontented, jealous, and comfort-loving native *ouvrier*, and crowds him out of some of the less skilled trades altogether, and he resents it bitterly.

In the skilled trades as well as in the shops and counting-houses and banks, the French are finding formidable rivals in swarms of Germans, who are on the whole more industrious, more painstaking, more manageable, and not less skilful than the natives. The Germans are much sought after by employers, but thoroughly hated and suspected by the people, and the irritation caused by their presence is increased by the stern precautions adopted by Germany against any influx of Frenchmen into Alsace and Lorraine. In one way or another, in fact, there are now about 2,000,000 of foreigners resident in France. A few thousands are travellers, or people who draw incomes from other countries and live on them; but the rest are competitors with the natives in the labor market, and probably the great bulk of them mean to return home with savings. This is undoubtedly true of the Italians, though probably in a less degree of the Belgians.

To meet this state of things—that is, to satisfy the workingmen of the great towns, who are already suffering for the sake of the farmers — President Carnot has drafted a decree placing serious restrictions on all sorts of foreign immigration. Persons intending to become residents have to file a declaration of their intention, with an elaborate account of their birth, parentage, and occupation, and give notice every time they move. In fact, it is a renewal of the passport system in a more odious form; and although persons visiting France for "business or pleasure" are exempt from its operation, of course they may have to show that they came for business or pleasure in order to secure the exemption. It constitutes such a remarkable break in the French tradition of hospitality to foreigners that there are already doubts whether any attempt will be made to carry it out, or rather whether it will not undergo serious modifications before it is put into force.

The problem it tries to solve is one which is vexing all the richer nations of the world. France, England, and America are all annoyed by the influx of "pauper labor," and this influx of pauper labor is one of the natural results of that wonderful cheapening of transportation, both by sea and land, over which we all rejoice so much. It brings the products of every corner of the globe to our doors, at an extremely low rate, which we enjoy, but it also brings a large human "residuum" which we do not enjoy at all, but hardly know how to get rid of. An annual Italian immigration, coming over in the spring and going home for the winter with its savings, and living like savages, in huts, while here, is something which even ten years ago would have seemed an impossibility; but it is to-day a very conspicuous industrial phenomenon along our whole eastern coast. So, also, when forty years ago Christians began to attack the Chinese for being so exclusive and refusing to trade or associate with their betters, we all thought that the only result of compelling them to open their frontier would be the opening of their markets to foreign trade. As time went on, however, they began to turn the tables on us and gave us more intercourse than we could stand. Accordingly, both England and America, after having bullied China into letting her people out, are now bullying her into keeping them at home. It is not surprising if under these circumstances she is a little puzzled to know what the "Foreign Devils" really want. In truth, the new facility of travel promises to impose on all the more highly civilized countries a complete revision of their attitude with regard to the reception of foreigners. They find they cannot afford to share their civilization on a broad scale with newcomers who have lived on a much lower level, or have not the same social standards.

CAMPAIGN LIES FOR IRISHMEN.

ONE of the lying cards issued by the Republican Committee, and "copyrighted by the Yale Publishing Co., 126 William St., New York," contains, besides the forged extract from the London *Spectator*, this from the London *Star*, the Irish home-rule paper, edited by T. P. O'Connor: "We desire Cleveland's reëlection." This may be also a forgery, but our belief is that it is also an amusing blunder, for the card is addressed solely to Irishmen, and the quotation, real or fraudulent, was undoubtedly ascribed to the *Star* in the belief that it was an English paper. The card is entitled "What Free Trade Has Done for Ireland," and then, with curious fatuity, proceeds to show what protection has done for Ireland. Here is most of the stuff:

"In earlier times the Irish devoted their attention to the raising of cattle for English markets. In the seventeenth century it became a remarkably lucrative business and the source of great Irish wealth. But the members of the English Parliament saw this coming element of power, and passed a law prohibiting the importation from Ireland of all cattle, sheep, and swine—of all beef, pork, bacon, mutton, butter, and cheese. This destroyed Ireland's industry; but she had a few ships and indomitable perseverance—consequently built a few more, and betook herself to commerce with the Colonies, the East and West Indies, and the Continent. Again England interposed, and Parliament passed the infamous 'Navigation Laws,' prohibiting the Irish from trading with the Colonies! Thus was her Colonial trade cut off and for ever destroyed.

"England now kept her in subjection by the aid of troops and superior naval power. But the pluck that never deserts the Irishmen led them to turn their attention towards sheep-raising for the manufacturing of wool products. Irish wool and Irish cloths, says Foude, the historian, were the finest in Europe, and eagerly sought after. . . . Ireland next attempted to develop her fisheries, and when this promised a profit and support, John Bull pounced upon them again with legislation compelling them to fish in English ships manned by English sailors, and to pay tribute to England to such an extent that this industry became unprofitable and worthless. Finally, a few strong leaders came to Ireland's rescue—such as Gratton, Flood, and Charlemont. Demands were made upon England, and once more Ireland was free. One of the first acts of her newly-enfranchised legislature was a protective act of duties upon imports. Soon her prosperity was greater than it had ever been. Her ports were alive with ships from every nation, and happiness and contentment reigned. This was Ireland under Protection! But, alas, the foul Pitt came, and English free trade was forced upon her, and she was joined to England! English manufactures glutted her markets, undersold her, and turned 5,000,000 operatives out of work!"

What is wonderful in all this is, that the composer did not perceive that the exportation of the beef, pork, mutton, butter, and cheese to the English market and the trade with the colonies were the result of unprotected Irish enterprise, and that the English legislation of 1665 and 1680, absolutely prohibiting the importation into England—Ireland's only foreign market—of all cattle, sheep, swine, beef, pork, mutton, and even of butter and cheese, was part and parcel of that infernal policy of protection for home industry which England practised so long. Ireland was rapidly rising, under free trade, from the ruin wrought by the Cromwellian conquest, when these protective acts crushed her only industries at a blow.

The same thing may be said of the Irish colonial trade. Under the English Navigation Act of 1660, Ireland had equal rights of trade with England, and was rapidly creating a shipping business both with England and the Colonies. In 1663 the English Protectionists had Ireland struck out of the Navigation Acts, and thus excluded her ships both from English and colonial ports, and confined the colonial trade exclusively to English ships, manned by English sailors. In 1670 and 1696 other English protective acts were passed forbiding any direct importation from the colonies to Ireland in any ships whatever, so as to give the English protectionists, not only the carrying of the goods, but the "handling" of them in England.

The unfortunate Irish, being thus cut off from the shipping business, and being deprived of all foreign markets for their agricultural produce, turned their attention to the woollen industry, in which they still enjoyed free trade. The native wool was excellent, and under free trade the manufacture grew rapidly. Large num-

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bers of Scotch and Englishmen emigrated to Ireland to take part in it. Now listen to the Irish historian Lecky's account of what the English protectionists did next:

"There was an important woollen manufacture in England, and the English manufacturers urgently petitioned for the total destruction of the rising industry in Ireland. Their petitions were speedily attended to. The House of Lords represented to the King that 'the growing manufacture of cloth in Ireland, both by the cheapness of all sorts of necessaries of life and goodness of materials for making all manner of cloth, doth invite your subjects of England with their families and servants to leave their habitations to settle there, to the increase of the woollen manufacture in Ireland, which makes your loyal subjects in this kingdom very apprehensive that the further growth of it may greatly prejudice the said manufacture here.' The House of Commons in very similar terms urged William 'to enjoin all those you employ in Ireland to make it their care, and use their utmost diligence to hinder the exportation of wool from Ireland, except to be imported hither, and for the discouraging the woollen manufactures.' The King promised to do as he was requested." (Lecky, Vol. ii., p. 229.)

A law was accordingly passed in 1699 (10 and 11 Gul., III. cap. 10) by the English Parliament, forbidding the exportation of Irish woollens to any other country whatever; and this industry was accordingly crushed also, and Ireland was finally plunged in a sink of wretchedness which, under the Penal Laws, lasted through the eighteenth century, and from which she has never since emerged. The linen manufacture in Ulster was not touched, because it did not compete with any English industry, and its good social and moral effects on that province are actually used to-day by anti-Irish writers as arguments to illustrate the unfitness of the Irish in other parts of the island for industrial pursuits. But Ulster was not allowed to enjoy entire free trade, for disabling duties were imposed on Irish sail-cloth imported into England, and Irish checked, striped, and dyed linens were absolutely excluded from the colonies, and had a 30 per cent. duty put on them in England.

The Republican card which lies before us asserts (what we must quote again):

"One of the first acts of her newly enfranchised Legislature was a protective act of duties upon imports. Soon her prosperity was greater than it had ever been. Her ports were alive with ships from every nation, and happiness and contentment reigned. This was Ireland under Protection! But, alas, the foul Pitt came, and English free trade was forced upon her, and she was joined to England! English manufactures glutted her markets, undersold her, and turned 5,000,000 operatives out of work!"

The shortest way of disposing of this is to say that it is a campaign lie. The independent Irish Parliament imposed no protective duties whatever. It offered a bounty on the production and exportation of corn, in order to revive cultivation, which had almost ceased under the Penal Laws, owing to the conversion of the large estates into pasturage, which the disturbed state of the times made more manageable and safer than the growing of crops. This did stimulate greatly the production of grain; but whatever other industrial progress was made in Ireland during the brief period of Parliamentary independence was made under free trade. In fact, it would not be possible to find, in the history of modern civilization, an illustration as striking as that which Ireland furnishes of the rapacity and unscrupulousness and selfishness which influence, in a greater or less degree, the creation and maintenance of all tariffs. Scientific protection has been very rare indeed. Most legislative protection has been due to the widespread, ancient, and deeply rooted desire of man to live on the earnings of his fellow-man; and Irishmen, of all men, as the greatest sufferers from it, should loathe the very name of it.

COMPETITION IN FAST TRAIN SERVICE.

THE running speed of the Scotch express, which we discussed two months since, was even better than the New York *Times* cable despatch at first led American readers to suppose. The West Shore performance of three years ago, whatever its merits in certain sections, by no means equalled the English train for the whole run. Yet this first English record has since been much improved, and trains have been run on both routes to Edinburgh at speeds of nearly 53 miles an hour including stops, or 58 miles excluding stops. This experiment has now been discontinued, and it is not likely that it will be soon repeated. The cost of such extremely fast services is so great, directly and indirectly, that the railroad companies obtain no adequate return. It is simply an instance of competition run riot, and belongs in the same category as the attempt on the part of some of our railroads to carry wheat or cattle at ridiculously low rates. Competition in rates in England has pretty nearly ceased, the necessity for a stable rate agreement having been recognized by all parties concerned. The only form in which rivalry can show itself is in the matter of facilities; and these attempts at high speed are an extreme manifestation of such competition.

But while these unusual speeds are not worth what they cost, either to the railroads or to the community, the effect of rivalry in maintaining an efficient standard of train service is in general wholesome. Mr. Ernest Foxwell has taken the trouble to collect a number of facts with regard to train service in England and in Continental Europe; and his investigations, published by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, bring out most clearly the wonderful results which English railroads have accomplished. While the fast Scotch expresses at 58 miles an hour do not pay (any more than the excesses of competition in wheat rates pay in America), it is nevertheless true that English railroads run trains at 45 and 50 miles an hour and make them profitable. On every route where there has been active competition there have been such trains, furnishing a great convenience to the public without loss and often with positive gain to railroads themselves. Their number is too great for us even to attempt to count them. The *Gazette* gives a list of more than twenty towns over fifty miles from London whose inhabitants can journey to and from the metropolis without a stop and in almost all cases at running rates of 50 miles an hour.

It is needless to say that this is a much better showing than we can make in this country; but the contrast becomes far more striking when England is compared with Continental Europe. The railways of the Continent ought to give a better train service than those of the United States, because their population is denser; yet in point of fact they are very far from so doing. The only train which really approaches the English standard is one in Holland, from Rotterdam to Amsterdam, making a speed of 46 miles an hour in spite of five partial stops. Two other Dutch companies also run trains which would be considered good by the American standard if not by the English. Next comes France. The finest French train is on the Orleans Road. This maintains for a distance of 364 miles a speed, including stops, of 42 3-5 and a running average of 44 1-5. On one section of the road its schedule speed rises to nearly 46 miles an hour. This train, it is hardly necessary to say, runs only first-class cars, and charges 50 per cent. above the regular first-class fares. The next best train in France is the London-Paris express via Calais, but its highest running speed is less than 45 miles an hour, and its general speed from Paris to Calais is hardly 42 miles. The Eastern Road does not do so well, its best performance being on an express train from London to Switzerland, running nearly parallel with the frontier, instead of radiating from Paris, as is the case with most French fast trains. The Western, Southern, and Lyons Companies are far from reaching the standard, their best trains not having an effective speed as high as 40 miles an hour, nor a running average of above 42 miles. In Belgium the best results are about 40 miles an hour, including stops, or 41 miles of running speed. The Belgian train service is, however, praiseworthy on account of the number of fast accommodation trains, if we may so term them, which make a comparatively large number of stops, but which have a high speed between stations. In Germany the case is much worse. Almost the only line with even tolerable service in matter of speed is that between Berlin and Dresden, where the average time, including stops, is about 38 miles an hour. The St. Petersburg express makes fairly good time from Berlin to the frontier. The trains from Berlin to Cologne, which carry the most important mails in the country, are not at all what they should be. It is said by the *Pall Mall Gazette* that the speed of the fastest express train from Berlin to Cologne is barely 40 miles an hour, excluding stops, and only 36 1-3 miles an hour actual time. It is a somewhat curious fact that Austria shows better results in this matter than Germany. The fast express from Berlin to Vienna has a running speed varying from 39¾ down to 29 miles an hour until it crosses the Austrian frontier; on the other side the variations are from 31 miles to 41 2-3, and the average speed is very much improved. For more than 100 miles after leaving Prague the train nowhere drops to a running speed of less than 40½ miles an hour.

This completes the list of countries in Con-

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tinental Europe which can make good railroad time. In some, like Italy or Russia, the general standard of service is not properly developed. In others, like Switzerland, the character of the country forbids it. Taking those parts of Europe which we have described, we have the means of making a curious and interesting generalization with regard to the effect of competition on speed. Trains are fastest in England, where competition exists, but is only allowed to take this form. They are next fastest in the United States, where competition exists and takes this form among others. To an almost equal extent competition prevails in Holland, not merely on account of the different companies which manage the Dutch lines, but also because of the number of available water routes by which the country is intersected, and which, if they do not compete for passenger traffic, at any rate prevent the railroads from feeling that they have a monopoly of the transportation interests of the community.

After Holland comes France, where the railroads are mainly in private hands, but where competition is much checked. Next among the large countries comes Austria, where the railroads are partly owned by the State; and last of all comes Germany, with its exclusive system of Government ownership. In France itself it is instructive to see which lines give the fast trains. First we have the Orleans Road, which has been and still is subjected to actual competition from independent lines. Next we have the Northern train services, and particularly the one parallel to the north-eastern frontier, which are affected by international competition that no monopoly can control. Again, in Belgium, we see the remains of a train service developed under the most active competition in the period previous to 1873, and still affected by international rivalry which the country is too small to prevent or to control effectively.

The lack of fast-train service in Germany is one of the almost inevitable results of State monopoly. It is a penalty for the ownership of railroads by the Government. A fast train does not seem to pay: the Government therefore offers none. In ceasing its efforts to give first-class train service it loses the power of so doing. Deprived of the stimulus of competition, it is in great danger of failing in the matter of efficient management. Not merely are the German trains slow, but they are ceasing to be punctual. The writer of this article, in travelling through Germany in the summer of 1887, made nine distinct railroad journeys. On only one of these was the train on time. In the majority of cases, in spite of the slow schedule speed, the train made no pretence of being on time and no effort to recover lost ground. On one of these occasions the London-Berlin fast mail was stalled for more than an hour on a straight track and very moderate upgrade, through mere insufficiency of engine power. Moreover, this did not occur without warning. The train came into Hanover under such conditions that any competent official could have foreseen the probability of such a result. Any well-operated railroad in America would have provided against this contingency; but official red tape was too strong, and the train was allowed to leave Hanover without additional locomotive power or other provision against the danger. We mention all this at some length because the claim of military punctuality is so often made for the State railroad administration. In point of fact, the evidence goes to show that the standard of Government service, even in so well administered a country as Prussia, tends to deteriorate. Since the Government of that country has owned the railroads there has been practically no increase in the passenger-train service; there has been perhaps an actual diminution in speed; and in the international comparison the system makes the pitiful showing already given in detail. Whatever may be the bad results of competition, those of State railway monopoly are not such as the American public would for an instant tolerate.

THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS.

THE interest excited by the Whitechapel murders in London is so great that it has almost thrown "Parnellism and Crime" into the background, and continues to furnish the newspapers of that city with their leading topic. Most of what appears in the daily press on the subject has the usual qualities of the composition known in journalism as a "calamity article." It describes the horrible nature of the crime, speculates on the motives of the murderer, and his build, and calling, and the way he made his escape, and usually winds up with some abuse of the police, leaving a very distinct impression that had the writer been in the neighborhood on the night of the murder he would have caught the murderer in the act, and that, as matters stand, the failure to put him in charge of the London detective force is a case of continuing negligence. Nearly all our "calamity" writers on this side of the water who have taken the matter up, strongly suggest that if the English do not like being murdered so often, all they have to do is to substitute the New York police force for their own. This suggestion is due to the well-known fact that no murderer ever escapes in this city, and that whenever a man is going to commit a murder here, Inspector Byrnes, or one of his subordinates, is pretty sure to arrive at the critical moment and take the knife away from him and box his ears.

As to the London police force, nearly all the English commentators agree that it is too small for the adequate protection of the city and suburbs. It numbers only 13,000 men, and they hold that 20,000 would not be too many for the work. They acknowledge, too, that on the detective side it is, and always has been, extremely weak, and this not so much owing to any defect in discipline or training or command, as to a certain want of fitness for detective work in the English character and temperament. Of courage and tenacity the London police has abundance, but the want of finesse and adaptability, and of power of entering into other people's feelings, which makes Englishmen so unsuccessful in assimilating foreign races, odd as it may seem, makes the supply of really ferret-like, rusé men for the police force very short. The Irish, who with the English compose the London force almost exclusively, are better at the work, but are discredited in English eyes for nice jobs by the brogue, which almost always prepares an Englishman's ears for blundering of some sort. There was a good deal of trouble from this source at the time of the Phoenix Park murders, when good detectives were of the last importance in Ireland. Englishmen were admittedly worthless for the special work required, their accent betraying them, and there was a short period when the authorities were afraid to trust almost any Irishman; but they got over this fear very rapidly. Nevertheless there is just the same complaint in Ireland. The Irish constabulary are a splendid force to fight or march, but they do not supply detectives to catch "moonlighters" and murderers.

The philanthropists and social reformers have, of course, appeared at Whitechapel in considerable force, to improve the occasion, as the clergymen say. One of them suggests that the murderer may be a fanatical Socialist, so disgusted with licentiousness and sexual disorder generally that in order to call the attention of society to it in an impressive manner, he endeavors to murder one prostitute every week or thereabouts. The venerable Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne, now over eighty, who forty years ago, as a country clergyman, did noble work in calling attention to the condition of the agricultural laborer in the southern counties, writes to the London *Times*, pointing out, with some of his old fervor, that these murders are but the natural outcome of the bestial condition of vice and misery in which the population of East London are allowed to live. Mr. Barnett, a minister in that region, confirms this, and adds that overcrowding is at the bottom of the whole matter—that where one whole family, or more, live in one room, morality perishes, and all crimes become possible. Then comes that old suggestion that the landlords, or somebody, should be compelled to furnish decent tenement-houses to the city poor, which, however, as a complete remedy, the *Spectator* ruins by the very sensible remark that if overcrowding were such a very bad thing as the London philanthropists maintain, the race would have perished from vice ages ago, because, as far back as we can trace its history, the rule has been one room for one family—in other words, the great bulk of mankind has always lived in huts or cabins without partitions. Separate chambers for each sex is a luxury born of modern civilization.

But in front of all schemes for improving the physical condition of the city poor, there rises up the old difficulty, which nobody has ever fairly met, that the more attractive you make the city for poor people, the more of them you draw from the country districts, so that you find yourself contending with a constantly rising tide. Whitechapel is now called a "congested district," but the more there is

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done to make Whitechapel a pleasant place to live in, the more congested will it be. Some of the poor who drift into great cities can always be saved and elevated by help, but there will always be an immense residuum who, for want of moral and mental constitution, cannot be helped, and who must either be driven out of the city, or taken care of in it.

THE MARGRAVINE OF BAIREUTH.

PARIS, September 17, 1888.

ALL the events of our time tend to add a sort of retrospective interest to the time of the Great Frederick, to his person and his surroundings. The great work of the Duc de Broglie, as well as the publication of many memoirs of persons of Frederick's time, is a proof of this increasing interest. Eighty years ago were published the memoirs of Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina, Margravine of Baireuth, the sister of the Great Frederick. These memoirs extended from 1706 to 1742, and in the manuscript they were entirely in her own handwriting. This first edition was read with much avidity; it was a living picture of the manners and of the situation of Germany in the eighteenth century. The book is now extremely rare, and a new edition has been published in Leipzig, only 300 copies being issued. In it, with the help of authentic letters and documents, the life of the Margravine has been completed till her death in 1758. The new edition has a pretty portrait of her. She sits in a chair, with a book in her hand and a pet dog in her lap; she has a dress lined with fur, and a muff. Curiously enough, she has on her breast a collar of shells, such as were worn by pilgrims, and which were among the attributes of St. James of Compostella. Her hair is in small curls and powdered. Her face is thin and delicate, and has a very intellectual expression. Her forehead is large and uncovered, her nose well chiselled, her mouth very small, her eyes large and fiery. Altogether, it is the portrait of a person of a very uncommon appearance. The publishers end a small preface with these words: "In publishing this new edition, we have been anxious to present to the public a portrait of this Princess, after having removed the stain of infidelity which disfigured it. We wish to show in her true light a woman, thinking and acting as a queen, great in her heroic affection for her brother, true in her friendship. Let us hope that we shall see the opinion disappear which made her considered as a woman without a heart and without a soul."

Frederick William married in 1706 Sophia Dorothea of Hanover. He was then Crown Prince, and had been educated by Gen. Dohna. Frederica Sophia Wilhelmina was born of this union in 1709; and in 1712 was born a prince who was to become the Great Frederick. The dramatis personæ of the first volume of the Memoirs are more or less known to history. The Prince Royal became King in 1713, his principal ministers being Grumkow and the Prince of Anhalt, who were his favorites, and became complete masters of him. The Queen did not live very happily with him. She is thus described by her daughter:

"The Queen has never been handsome. Her features are marked, and none of them is good. She is white, her hair is dark, her waist is of the handsomest. Her noble and majestic demeanor inspires respect in all who see her; a great hatred of the world and a brilliant mind seem to promise more solidity than she possesses. . . . Everybody has defects, and she is not exempt from them. All the pride and haughtiness of the house of Hanover is concentrated in her. Her ambition is excessive, she is extremely jealous, of a distrustful and vindictive humor, and she never forgives those who have offended her."

All the portraits are in this style; the Margravine spares nobody. If she wrote thus about her mother, Sophia Dorothea, you can imagine what she has to say about her father, who was a drunkard, and whose violence seemed at times to be inspired by madness. As for the favorites of the Court, they are described with unsparing severity. Some of these petty personages assume enormous proportions in the Memoirs. The young Princess suffered at their hands, and she takes her revenge. She was first placed under the care of a person whom she calles Letti, the daughter of an Italian monk who had fled to Holland, where he had changed his religion. "She had an Italian heart, that is to say, very supple, very bright, and very dark; she was interested, proud, and bad-tempered. Her coquetry gave her many lovers, and they had not to languish long." There was a state of perpetual warfare between her and Letti, as well as between Letti and her brother. Frederick had a feeble constitution, was taciturn, and often ill. He seems always to have had the greatest attachment for his sister Wilhelmina. He kept nothing secret from her.

It is difficult to imagine a court more full of intrigues than that which the Memoirs describe. The King had his favorites, who were jealous of everybody; the Queen had hers also. Grumkow chose mistresses for the King. "The Queen had among her ladies a Mme. von Wagnitz, who at that time was her favorite. Mme. Wagnitz concealed under an air of devotion the most scandalous conduct; her love of intrigue led her to prostitute herself as well as her daughters to the favorites of the King and to those who mingled in affairs. Thus she learned secrets of state, which she immediately sold to Count Rottembourg, the French Minister." One of the King's favorites, Kreutz, Minister of State and of Finance, "was an assemblage of all the vices. . . . He had secret emissaries round the King. These miserable people tried to disgust him with the Queen. They vaunted to him the beauty of Wagnitz," etc.

The marriage of the Princess Wilhelmina became the subject of great and long intrigues. She tells how, when she was still a child, an officer, famous for knowledge of astrology, looked at her hand, and told her that four Kings would ask for it—the Kings of Sweden, England, Russia, and Poland—but that she would marry none of them. This prophecy was accomplished. Her marriage with Charles XII. of Sweden became the subject of negotiation when she was only eight years old; but the negotiation was broken off for political reasons. This question of marriage filled all the youth of the Princess; she heard of all the candidates, she knew some of them, and did not even know the others. She was of delicate health, and was several times at the point of death. She says things which seem almost incredible about the life she was made to lead with her father, and about her father himself. At Potsdam, she with her brother was obliged to enter her father's room every morning at nine, and neither of them could leave it, as he had the gout, and could not go out himself. "The whole day was spent in invectives against my brother and myself. The King never called me by any other name than 'la canaille anglaise' [it was the time when her marriage with the Prince of Wales was being negotiated], and my brother was always 'le coquin de Fritz.' He forced us to eat and drink things for which we had some aversion, or which were contrary to our systems." The King one day threw a dish at the head of his son Frederick, and another at the head of Wilhelmina. "The King starved us both; he took the office of carver, and helped everybody except my brother and me, and when accidentally something remained in a dish, he spat on it to hinder us from eating. We only lived, both of us, on coffee and milk and dried cherries, which completely spoiled my stomach."

One day Wilhelmina received a letter from her brother announcing to her that his father had beaten him most cruelly with his stick, and that he was resolved to escape. The confidant of Frederick was a page named Katte. The Margravine tried all she could to dissuade her brother. The history of the arrest of Frederick and of Katte, and the condemnation of the latter, is well known. The Margravine tells it with very minute details; she tells, also, how she and her mother succeeded in burning many letters which were written confidentially to her brother by herself and by the Queen. The tragedy of Katte's death would have broken a weaker mind than Frederick's. Many of the faults of this great man must be excused by the horrible treatment to which he was subjected in his youth; and we find also, in the sad events which the Margravine speaks of, the secret of the constant affection of the brother and sister. They had been companions in misery, and remained always united in heart.

The Princess's marriage with the Prince of Wales did not take place, owing to the violence of the King, who treated the English negotiator in the most brutal manner. All the earlier plans which were formed for her were successively abandoned; the King was much incensed at the English refusal, and determined to marry his daughter instantly. He chose for his son-in-law the hereditary Prince of Baireuth. Wilhelmina had hoped to wear a crown: she was reduced to a coronet.

"It must be confessed that my marriage was the most extraordinary thing in the world. The King, my father, made it against his better thoughts, and repented of it afterwards, every day. He could have broken it off, and he accomplished it against his own desires. I need not speak of the sentiments of the Queen [she was very desirous of the English marriage]; I have said enough to show how adverse she was to it. The Margrave of Baireuth was as discontented as the others. He had only given his consent in the hope of great advantages, and he found himself frustrated by the avarice of the King. He found me married against the wish of the three principal persons who could decide my fate, and, nevertheless, with their consent."

The portrait of the Margrave of Baireuth, the father-in-law of the Princess, is not flattered. Her account of her arrival in the territory of Baireuth is most amusing; and no better picture can be found of the life which was led in the eighteenth century in the small courts of Germany. It must be confessed that many of her pictures seem to be caricatures; they are coarse and cynical. She mixes her colors with the greatest liberty; a minute after she has said, for instance, that her father-in-law, the Margrave, drank from morning to night, "which helps to enfeeble his mind," she says, "His popularity has made him beloved by his subjects." "Though he had little genius, he had much penetration, and he knew well the men who composed his ministry and his court." He had no application for public affairs, and had been spoiled by the reading of 'Télémaque.' Such is the rambling style of the Princess, but, with all their defects of composition, her Memoirs are interesting, because here and there are extraordinary facts and traits of character. The story of the intrigues of the Court of Baireuth is told with as much mi-

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nuteness as if this court had been the greatest theatre in the world. Fortunately for the reader, the Princess often speaks of her brother, with whom she kept up a constant correspondence, and nothing that concerns the Great Frederick is indifferent.

The Margrave died in 1735, and the Princess became the Margravine of Baireuth, the name under which she is known to history. The Memoirs end in the year 1742; the editorial supplement extends from 1743 to 1758. The collection of the letters which the Great Frederick wrote to his beloved sister fills eleven quarto volumes; the letters of the Margravine to the King of Prussia are even more numerous. The Margravine was also a correspondent of Voltaire. She was acquainted with all the men who formed the philosophical, literary, and scientific court of Frederick. Her married life was not of the happiest; she found her consolation in fraternal love and in intellectual culture. When she died, Voltaire wrote these verses:

"O Bareith! o vertus! o grâces adorées!
Femme sans préjugés, sans vice, et sans erreur,
Quand la mort t'enlève de ces tristes contrées,
De ce séjour de sang, de rapin, et d'horreur,
Les nations acharnées
De leurs haines forcenées
Suspendirent les fureurs;
Les discordes s' arrêtèrent;
Tous les peuples s' accordèrent
A t'honorer de leurs pleurs."

Correspondence.

MR. BLAINE AND HIS HISTORY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If the writer of the opening editorial of the issue of the *Nation* dated October 4 had read the entire chapter on the subject of American tariffs in Mr. Blaine's 'Twenty Years of Congress,' a blunder might have been avoided which not every one will be charitable enough to attribute to ignorance.

A failure to mention, in the explanation of a fact, the existence of circumstances which subsequent investigation may have revealed, is no argument against the effect of those circumstances if they actually did exist. However, no such explanation is necessary on behalf of the author of 'Twenty Years of Congress.' All of the causes mentioned in Mr. Blaine's speech at the Polo Grounds on September 29, in explanation of the "apparently genuine prosperity of the country" after the enactment of the tariff of 1846, are set out fully in the chapter devoted to American tariffs, just seven pages after the passage quoted at length in the editorial to which this is an answer. If the writer of the editorial will turn from page 196, volume i., of Mr. Blaine's work, from which the passage quoted was taken, to page 203, he will find due mention made "of accidental circumstances, such as the Mexican war, the discovery of gold in California, and the Crimean war"; and, in addition to these, will find also a reference to the famine in Ireland and the revolutions of 1848.

The italics which abound throughout the quotation in your paper, and for which the public is indebted to the marvellous acumen of the editor, some people may characterize as an attempt to lead the readers of the *Nation* into those "false paths" into which we are informed Mr. Blaine has led *his* readers.

"Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur."

Your obedient servant,

James M. Willcox, jr.

Philadelphia, October 8, 1888.

[We make our apology to Mr. Blaine and our readers. The latter can be trusted to set down our delinquency to oversight and not to partisan suppression.—Ed. Nation.]

A DISTINCTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You have of late lost no opportunity to expose Republican sophistry and rebuke Republican wickedness, and in your last issue justly call the attention of respectable Republicans to "Pat" Ford's propinquity to Mr. Blaine. Now will you allow a Cleveland Republican of 1884 to ask why you are not equally severe upon Democratic demagoguery and corruption, of which you may find an abundant supply in this State and your own; and particularly what you think of the repeated presence of one Eugene Higgins and one Senator Gorman at the headquarters of the Democratic National Executive Committee?—Truly yours,

S. Lauer.

Baltimore, October 5, 1888.

[Do you not think yourself there is some difference between even corrupt politicians, like Gorman and Higgins, whom we have repeatedly denounced, and a man like Ford, who has collected money for and publicly applauded murder and arson, and has, as a soldier, deserted in the presence of the enemy? If you do not, you may rely upon it your moral training has been grossly neglected.—Ed. Nation.]

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read your paper with considerable care for some weeks past, with the hope of finding some defence to the alleged abuses in the civil service of Cleveland's reign. Are you not one of his partisans? At all events, it would seem to be your *duty* to find some answer to the numerous (at least in this section) attacks made by Republicans upon Cleveland's administration of the civil service. He was elected to reform the civil service. Has he done it, or is he doing it? If he has, these numerous attacks should be answered.—Very truly yours,

L. S. Berry.

Chicago, October 5, 1888.

[If we were partisans of the President, as you intimate, it *would* be our duty to explain away his shortcomings in the matter of the civil service. This, however, we have never done, as a little more extensive reading of the *Nation* on your part will convince you.—Ed. Nation.]

THE CHINESE AND THE HOODLUMS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: On page 184 of your issue of the 6th inst. is an article entitled 'The Chinese Treaty.' In this article, with reference to the sudden passage by the House of the Scott Bill, occurs these expressions (the italics are mine):

"Here was a rare chance for somebody to 'get ahead' in the scramble to gratify the *hoodlum element* on the Pacific coast. . . . A great game had been played for the *hoodlum* vote. . . . We shall sacrifice both in an unseemly scramble for the votes *of the hoodlums*."

I can scarcely hope to make you understand how such expressions as these hurt the feelings of your readers on this coast, but I am going to try to.

Let me premise, however, by telling you that my husband and myself and my husband's father take a great many papers; indeed, between our two families we have the reading of over twenty publications, monthlies, weeklies, and dailies. Among all these there is none we respect more or read more attentively than the *Nation*. To know your paper, and to read it intelligently from cover to cover habitually, we think to help largely towards a liberal education. We have more than once been the means of getting others to subscribe for it, and these phrases are often heard in our family when we meet people who are narrow-minded or ignorant on some of the great questions of the day: "They don't read the *Nation*," "I'd give a good deal to get them to read the *Nation* for a year or so," etc., etc. Now, this isn't "taffy I'm giving you," but honest sentiment. You are like a respected friend, with whom we have long corresponded, as it were, but never met. Hence, when you say unjust, ill-considered things, we feel it as we should not did we not esteem you as we do.

But as to the *raison d'être* of this letter. It seems to me nothing can be more unfair than for you to take the attitude that all those who object to the Chinese on this coast are "hoodlums," and that it is all the "hoodlum vote" which is cast against them. *I* cannot vote, to be sure, but women are credited with influence. My influence, if I have any, shall be persistently used in favor of excluding the Chinese. This is the mind of all my family. But we are not "hoodlums." Indeed, I never was introduced to a hoodlum, nor talked with one; and yet I have talked with many people—men and women, fathers and mothers and respectable property-owners—on this subject, and I have yet to meet one who differed with me, or us, in their sentiments on the subject. Oh, yes. I might make just *one* exception, that of a very old, retired clergyman, who came to this coast a few years since, and tried for a while to do missionary work among "the heathen" here. It amused him, and didn't do them any harm.

When we came to the coast seven years ago, I was full of the sentimentalism on the Chinese question with which so many of the Eastern papers are rampant to this day (yours among the number, begging your pardon). Time and observation—experience—have cured me of all that. I have long since been ready to say, with others, "Sentimentalism go hang"; and I am satisfied that if you should settle down here for a number of years, as a thrifty citizen, expecting to make this your home for life, you, too would change your views.

It is not that we, as a family, have had any serious trouble with Chinamen. It is not that we have not employed them and made them useful to us in many ways. I buy vegetables and strawberries of them, and my husband has employed them in his raisin vineyards, and otherwise on the ranch. Barring the fact that their small frames make them, as a rule, incapable of doing as heavy work, or the same amount in the working day, that one expects from the same class of laborers East, I should say that they, as help, compare favorably with the Irish, Italian, and negro, and are no more eye-servants than these. The Chinese I have met have impressed me as being more cleanly in their person than the same grade of help East. I have never employed them as house-servants—I never would. But I have had plenty of experience with them as laundrymen—too much.

Why, then, do I object to them? Why am I so opposed to allowing them to overrun our coast? Because I think we should be better without them. Because I think that now, and

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more than ever in the future, we should be safer without them. Because I am convinced, through acquaintance and observation, that the *Chinese as a class are inimical to our civilization, our development, our prosperity, and that they can never be anything else.* And lastly, because I do not want my State to become as Honolulu is now.

But, say some, it is unfair to talk so, for the Chinese have helped develop this coast, its railroads and improvements, and you could not be where you are now if it were not for them, and it is real ingratitude to turn against them now. So? Did not they have their pay—a pay, compared to that which they could have got in their own country, that was a bonanza to them, enabling them to carry out ambitious schemes they could otherwise have hardly dared to dream of? We are quits, as far as that is concerned. If they were useful and have served their day, it is nothing but a wishy-washy sentimentalism that would retain them now, if convinced that they are deleterious to the public weal. What is China to us that we should employ her spare millions of hopelessly degraded laborers, if it is not well for us to do so? But as to those Chinamen who worked here during the early days, they have gone back with their "pile," and if we do not need such labor for such work now, why should we be taken to task?

Years ago, during the Turco-Russian war, I read an interesting editorial (in your paper I am quite sure), showing how un-assimilative is the Turk; how for hundreds of years he had been close neighbor to the civilizations of Europe, and was still—a Turk. The problem I have met here in California has shaped itself in my mind much after the same fashion. It is the incompatibility between Occidental and Oriental civilizations. And of all Oriental civilizations, that of China is perhaps the most "set," *i. e.*, the most "pronounced." It is the oldest, is it not? If I thought that the Chinese were to be allowed to overrun this coast, I should be sorry I ever came here to settle; for I believe that they would in time run the American out, and that my posterity would perish in a bitter race-war. For it is true, though you do not seem to know it, that the Chinaman, seems he never so "meek and unresisting," never so "child-like and bland," when in the *minority*, will, as a rule, when he can, be *domineering, insolent, and cruel.* Did you not read at the time how the Chinamen at the Sacramento fisheries fought to oust the workmen put in their places? Instances could be cited, were it worth while, columns long, showing that they are, *whenever they dare*, anything but "meek." Women and children on the coast, who have chanced to be temporarily unprotected, know this to their cost. That instances of Chinamen abusing them are as rare as they are, is because we here all seem to learn by instinct to seek to guard against danger whenever we meet them. It becomes second nature to us. Our children are taught to be on their guard about them, from infancy—and wisely, too. At the same time, all I know try to train children to treat them with kindness and courtesy. For all decent people are alike in this, that, while here and behaving himself, John Chinaman should be met fairly and honorably.

You close your article by saying: "The Chinese are a meek and unresisting race; hence the contumely and cruelty heaped upon them in California. But every Italian carries a dagger, and nobody harms him with impunity." The logical inference of these sentences clearly shows that you do not know what you are talking about. Besides our ranch, my husband owns one of the two gun-stores in town. He and my oldest son, who clerks there, can testify that there is no class in our valley who go so "well-heeled" (as the phrase is) as the Chinese. Every one knows this, and that they are very quick-tempered, too. They invariably carry bowie-knives, and buy the very best revolvers my husband sells. In short, for personal arms, or concealed weapons, they are the best customers he has.

The longer I live in California, the more afraid I am of the sly, subtle, treacherous, and smiling Chinaman, who lies, steals, and cheats the "Melican man" on principle; whose criterions and standards of morality are for ever and ever as different from ours as black is from white; and whose heart no man can read.

Respectfully, MRS. A. J. TOWNER.

SANTA ANA, September 23, 1888.

[We have never said or implied that the Pacific Coast hostility to the Chinese proceeded solely from the hoodlums; least of all was it in our mind in writing the obnoxious passages cited by our correspondent. The action of Congress which we deprecated, and for which both parties fell equally under our censure, was demagogic, was a bid for the electoral vote of the Coast States. It was performed in a manner utterly discreditable to our civilization—the manner of hoodlums and the mob. Had England, Germany, Spain, or any Continental Power been in question, the passage of the bill while a treaty was pending would never have been dreamt of. Towards a weak, distant, and home-bound power, it was cowardly and brutal, like the treatment of the Chinese by our "hoodlum element" in all parts of the country. Make what division you please between classes of the population agreed in clamoring for the exclusion of the Chinese, it is true of the best that they have given their sanction to the *mode* in which this end has been attained by successive statutes. Denis Kearney on his sand-lots and Mr. Blaine in Congress have joined hands with one another in this business, and thousands of respectable and upright people, like our correspondent and her friends, have coöperated or silently approved. The hoodlums have set the tone.—ED. NATION.]

IF THEY WERE TRUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The forgeries of articles from English papers, intended to show that the English are in favor of free trade in the United States, are very disgraceful in so far as they are forgeries. But suppose now that those articles were genuine: would they furnish any argument against a reduction of our tariff and the proper disposition of our surplus revenue?

Free trade, theoretically, is advocated by economists of all countries, not because it is good for any one particular country, but because it would be good for all. When the question was in England about abolishing the Corn Laws, it is believed that there was not one paper in the United States which did not ardently advocate such abolition, because it would also be very favorable to our country. The landowners in Great Britain opposed abolition most obstinately, predicting that it would utterly ruin the country. But the Tory press did not use the favor which the measure found in the United States, or in Russia, or other wheat-raising countries, as an argument against the abolition of the Corn Laws, nor did they charge the Opposition with being bribed by American dollars or Russian rubles. They had too much sense to believe that they could humbug the English people by such foolish arguments.

Most of the Continental governments have of late years raised their import duties. They have deeply injured our American trade. In all these countries there is now a great struggle going on against these high-tariff measures, and the contest is a bitter one. We have diplomatically and in every other way loudly denounced the action of these governments, our press gives every encouragement to the Opposition. Yet we do not hear from the high-tariff men that their opponents are bribed by our people, that they are fighting under the American flag and in the interest of foreigners. It requires such men as Blaine, who believe the people ignorant enough to be deluded by such base demagogy, to make such charges.

G. K.

BELLEVILLE, ILL., October 2, 1888.

MR. WHARTON AND HIS NICKEL MINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is Mr. Joseph Wharton's late statement, that nickel mines are numerous in this country, ingenuous? I take it that, for the present purpose, a nickel mine may be defined as a body of mineral matter of such dimensions, and containing such a percentage of nickel, that there is a reasonable prospect that nickel can be extracted from it with profit. Few granite quarries are free from iron: that does not make them iron mines. Though familiar with many deposits falsely hoped to be nickel mines, I believe that Mr. Wharton owns the only, or almost the only, American nickel mine of any economic importance. Will he inform us where these numerous nickel mines are? Or does he quibble, posing as the protector of other mines, while protecting himself only?

H. M. H.

BOSTON, September 28, 1888.

PROF. PAYNE ON GERMAN BOOKS ON PEDAGOGY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A number of graduates of the University of Michigan some years ago formed the "Michigan Schoolmasters' Club." As the name suggests, its members are all engaged in teaching, and, it may be added, belong to the most intelligent and earnest workers in the field.

At the May meeting (1888) of this club, Prof. W. H. Payne, formerly Professor of Education in the University of Michigan, and at present principal of a normal school at Nashville, Tenn., read a paper in which occur the following words, which since then have been allowed to appear in print (the italics are mine):

"*To be even approachable, a German work on the philosophy of education needs to be translated twice—first into English and then into English common sense.* This has been done for Rosenkranz by Miss Brackett and Dr. Harris, and we have a book, still not altogether comprehensible, but yet full of wholesome food for thought."

What are we to conclude from such a statement, coming from one of the leading teachers and best-known writers on education in this country? Is it to be supposed that the italicized lines express the judgment at which Prof. Payne has arrived after an extended study of German pedagogical works in the original? The unanimous answer of all students of German pedagogical science, to whatever nation-

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ality they may belong, would be an emphatic No! "For two centuries Germany has been the classical land of pedagogy," are the opening lines of a chapter in a work which Prof. Payne himself has thought worth translating from the French. Or, is it possible that Prof. Payne, being unable to read in the original any of the valuable contributions of Germany to the philosophy of education, wishes to cast ridicule upon that which to him is a *terra incognita*? The mere thought that a man in his position and of his reputation would be guilty of such an unscholarly, not to say unprincipled, act is saddening. Are we, then, to come to the conclusion that a stale joke on the abstruseness of German thinkers had such allurements for the lecturer as to lead him to utter the disparaging words above quoted?

By whatever motive he may have been actuated, does it not seem unpardonable in a man who for several years filled the Chair of Pedagogy in one of our greatest universities, by such means to discourage university students and graduates from a thorough pursuit of the science which he professes? Or is it not true that—to borrow the language of a reviewer in the (Syracuse) *Academy*—"no thorough reading of pedagogy without German is possible"?

X.

A CHAUCER CONCORDANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Chaucer Society is engaged with the compilation of a glossarial concordance to Chaucer's works, based upon the texts published by the Society. The coöperation of a considerable number of hands will be required, if this important labor is to be seasonably executed. Eleven ladies and gentlemen in England have offered their assistance, but more help is wanted. Americans who may be disposed to give aid are invited to send their names to Wilson Graham, Esq., 64 Mount Pleasant Road, Southampton, England. F. J. Child.

Cambridge, Mass., October 7, 1888.

THE GREENS OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I may perhaps be trespassing on your space if I ask you to publish the following "simple tale."

I happen to be rector of the parish of Green's Norton, Northamptonshire, England. In the parish church are several mutilated tombs belonging to the family of "Green," who, for six generations between the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, were lords of this manor. The first, Sir Henry Green, was Lord Chief Justice of England about the end of the thirteenth century; the last, Sir Thomas Green, was father of Maud Green, who married Sir Thomas Parr of Kendal, Westmoreland, and was the mother of Kate Parr, Queen of England by marriage with Henry VIII.

The only information I can arrive at, by inquiry from the "oldest inhabitant" of this parish, about the descendants of the Green family is, that many years ago a gentleman from *America* (my informant mentions *Boston* doubtfully) came to this church, presumably to inspect the beautiful tombs and brasses belonging to the Green family.

We are about to undertake the rearrangement of the church. I write to you to know if it is within the limits of your rules, as editor, to allow this letter to appear in your columns, as perhaps some member of the family of "Green" would wish to have a voice in the disposal of the effigies which still remain as witnesses of their wealth and position.

I may only add that I am "a constant reader" of your paper, and an occasional contributor thereto.—Yours sincerely,

S. Beal, D.C.L., etc.

The Rectory, Green's Norton, Towcester, England, September 29, 1888.

Notes.

The Moses King Corporation, Boston, have in preparation a 'Handbook of Public Art Galleries in the United States,' edited by Walter Rowlands. It will embrace even the smaller local collections, and those connected with educational institutions. The book will be illustrated.

Charles Scribner's Sons publish directly ex-Secretary McCulloch's 'Men and Measures of Half a Century.'

Clara Bell's translations of Galdós's 'Court of Charles IV.' is ready for publication by W. S. Gottsberger.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, begin shortly the issuing of a series of leaflets for the study of English literature of the present century, prepared by Prof. Louise Manning Hodgkins of Wellesley.

Dr. Morell Mackenzie's 'The Case of the Late Emperor of Germany, and the Relation thereto of the German Doctors,' will be published in New York by Brentano, simultaneously with its appearance in England.

The great collection of the Popular Ballads of Denmark, which was brought to a stand by the premature death of Svend Grundtvig, is now to be continued, and, let us hope, completed, by Axel Olrik, who is vouched for as a competent man.

The works of Ibsen, the Scandinavian dramatist, are not as well known here as the novels of Björnsen, and it is with pleasure that we find three of them translated in a single volume. 'The Pillars of Society and Other Plays,' by Henrik Ibsen, edited with an introtion by Havelock Ellis, has just been published in the "Camelot Series" by Walter Scott (New York: Thomas Whittaker). The "Pillars of Society," which had a vogue in the German theatres almost like that of "Pinafore" in ours, has been translated by Mr. William Archer, who has also revised the version of "Ghosts." The third play is "An Enemy of the People," translated by Mrs. Eleanor Marx-Aveling. Of the trio, "Ghosts" is the most powerful, and our readers have had some opportunity of judging whether it might not be pronounced by far the strongest play of the past decade—simple in its movement, direct in its language, trenchant in its characterization, scientific in its handling, and profoundly and pitilessly moral; a play to set men thinking, yet undeniably repulsive for stage presentation.

These plays of Ibsen's are, as we have said, included in the "Camelot Series"; and here occasion serves to note yet another disadvantage of our present defective copyright laws. In any country where there is general education, there is a demand for cheap books. With us now this demand is met by the reprinting of contemporary foreign fiction, most of it worthless. In England this demand is met by several "libraries" or "series" for reprinting really good literature at a low price. The volumes of the "Camelot Series" are comely little books, bound in vellum cloth, with a neat paper label, and are sold at a shilling each. Among the other volumes of the series are books by Emerson, Thoreau, Longfellow, Lowell, and Walt Whitman.

The latest issues of the "Canterbury Poets" (London: Walter Scott) is devoted to Southey, from whose voluminous works passages of 'Thalaba,' 'The Curse of Kehama,' and 'Roderick,' with about a dozen short pieces, have been selected. There is no hope that even this little collection will restore the green to his laurels; yet the editor, Sidney R. Thompson, does well to remind us what Southey's repute once was—how Landor praised him, and how Cardinal Newman, in the critical moment of his career, used to repair to this dull bard for strength such as poetry could give him. His influence, too, upon Shelley, both in verse and in philanthropy, has never been adequately acknowledged—a sign of which is the lack of any mention of it here. Poetry which had three such readers could not have been without some virtues at the time; and Mr. Thompson's critical remarks, starting from this text, are very excellent, both in temper and substance. It is too much, we fear, to ask for a Southey revival; but literary students may well take so excellent an opportunity to have a farewell glance at Southey's epics in their wreck, and to remember the other pole of the poetic world. The discouraging thing, the insurmountable difficulty, is that one page is so marvellously like another.

In the "Chandos Classics" Mr. Ewald publishes a selection from the *Tatler*, with notes (New York: Frederick Warne & Co.) uniform with his selection from the *Spectator*. There are four hundred and fifty good-sized pages, which represent all that is worth preservation as literature; but this is very well worth preservation, and the volume should help to bring back these essays, so admirable both for taste and feeling, into the hands of young readers. It will be an excellent addition to every small popular or home library.

The first-fruit of the holiday season is at hand, but is hardly of a savor that promises much for the annual crop. The illustrations of 'The Courtship of Miles Standish' (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) are many, but the best of them are not above, and the worst are far below, mediocrity. Those which approach nearest to excellence are by Mr. George H. Boughton, but they will not add to his reputation; the others sink through various stages to pretty positive badness, and some of them have a curious, old-fashioned air, as of survivals from an earlier state of American art—like resurrections from the early numbers of *Harper's Magazine*. The heavy paper is printed upon one side only, and the constant presence of a blank page opposite that which one is reading is annoying to the eye; the letter-press is crowded unpleasantly near the top of the page; the cover is good neither in color nor in design. In short, nothing of the book but its title-page is in really good taste. Ten or even five years ago it might have been accounted a "sumptuous holiday publication," but it signally fails to reach the standard that has been set for such work of late years.

'Embroidery and Lace,' by Ernest Lefebvre and Alan S. Cole (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.), is beautifully illustrated and printed, and is bound in a pretty and tasteful cover, and that is almost all that one can say of it. The text is a disappointment. It contains very little real information, and that little is lost from the want of any index or glossary, or even a full table of contents. The translation is slovenly. On the whole, it appears to be a rather ordinary piece of book-making, and, except for its charming drawings, can be of little use.

Fifty years and more have elapsed since the late Thomas Kibble Hervey's 'Book of Christ-

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mas' first appeared in England. It is now republished in pretty shape by Roberts Bros., Boston, without hint of its age, yet with incapacity to deceive any judge of literary styles and epochs. The mildly genial, learned, and dignified text wears as plainly the stamp of a bygone generation as do R. Seymour's illustrations—a poor reflection of Cruikshank. Folk-lore has made great progress since 1836, and one would be excused for preferring Mr. Thiselton-Dyer to Mr. Kibble, who is, in truth, a little dull, respect him as we may. It is noticeable that Christmas Day gifts are ignored in this account of the season, and the donations known as Christmas boxes are distinguished "from New Year's gifts in this, that the former, passing from the rich to the poor, and from the master to his dependents, are not reciprocal in their distribution, whereas the latter are those gifts, for the mutual expression of good will and congratulation, which are exchanged between friends and acquaintances." In this country, the Christmas box is unknown, and Christmas gifts have superseded New Year's.

A perennial classic, the 'Essays of Elia,' puts on a new garb in the "Knickerbocker Series" of the Messrs. Putnam, where its fitness will be called in question by none. So the 'Vicar of Wakefield' passes from the older Bohn edition into the olive-green "Select Library" now being quarried from the "Standard" (Scribner & Welford).

The merest glance at Mr. Edward T. Cook's 'Popular Handbook to the National Gallery' (Macmillan) shows it to be a very thorough and scrupulous performance, carried out with great intelligence and equal self-restraint. Its distinguishing feature is that wherever a painter, a school, or a picture has been mentioned by Ruskin in his various works, his words are quoted in the fitting place. Thus the guide-book not only gives all needful details about artist and canvas, but enables the visitor to have Mr. Ruskin at his elbow. It is Mr. Ruskin, to be sure, in his different stages of art feeling, and Mr. Cook makes no attempt to reconcile his discrepancies. The editor's own function is descriptive rather than critical or technical. He furnishes an index list of painters, and another of pictures, arranged by their numbers, each opposite the name of the painter, the room in which it is hung, mode and date of acquisition, and price. Of the 1,250 pictures, 536 have been purchased at a cost of two and a half million dollars. Mr. Cook's 'Handbook' is extremely valuable for reference as well as for use in the Gallery.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert have begun a uniform reissue of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons under the title, 'Plymouth Pulpit.' The four volumes before us cover the period from September, 1873, to September, 1875. These memorials of a great preacher lack the personal delivery which made his discourses so entertaining and impressive, and will never convey to posterity a just idea of his power in the pulpit, nor certainly of his intellectual capacity.

From the Outing Co., 239 Fifth Avenue, we have 'A History of American Amateur Athletics and Aquatics, with the Records,' 1829–1888, by Frederick Wm. Janssen, in collaboration with officers of the various associations throughout the country. It has a table of contents but no index.

President Adams's annual report on the condition of Cornell University during the past year notes the rapid increase in attendance, with a slight gain from New York State; justifies by the results admission on certificate from approved schools; calls for greater accommodations and an increase of the force of teachers; records the success of the first year of the Law School and the beginning of a system of general heating of the college buildings from one station; and in other ways points out the advance and the pressing needs of the institution. The instructor in physical culture provides some curious graphic charts, comparing the physique of the average American student, the Cornell Freshmen, and the Cornell students of all classes, and exhibiting in divers ways the good effect of gymnastic training.

Prof. Albert S. Cook, of the University of California, has just published a monograph on 'Cardinal Guala and the Vercelli Book' (Library Bulletin No. 10), which marshals all the evidence that would account for the passing of the Codex Vercellensis containing the metrical Anglo-Saxon legend of St. Andrew from England to Italy. Prof. Cook will, if addressed at Berkeley, Cal., send a copy of this brochure to any student of the English language, so long as the edition holds out.

In the October number of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* will be found a portrait and biographical sketch of the late Israel Ward Andrews, D.D., well known in the educational annals of the West, and author, among other painstaking works, of the admirable manual of the Constitution of the United States; his last historical address, on the Marietta colony of 1788; a list (following those of Harvard and Yale) of the alumni of William and Mary College who have held official position; and the usual instalment of Mr. H. F. Waters's "Genealogical Gleanings in England," here of principal interest to Virginian families.

The supplement to *Harper's Weekly* for October 6 is occupied with colored political maps of the United States, of the doubtful States, and of New York city, very usefully contrived for present information.

The new gold fields in the Transvaal are the subject of the opening paper by Fr. Jeppe in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for September. These are mostly in the town of Heidelberg, thirty-six miles south of Pretoria, and are known as the Witwaters Rand Mines. Though work was not fairly begun till late in 1886, there are now 118 companies, with a capital of over $15,000,000; and a town, Johannesburg, of 12,000 inhabitants has sprung up. The machinery in use is chiefly of English make, but is now in competition with American. Judging from the amount of gold mined in the first quarter of the present year, there can be little doubt that the total output for 1888 will be five million dollars' worth. An excellent map of the district, showing the position of the various companies, illustrates the paper, which gives an interesting account of the discovery and development of the mines. Dr. W. Weber contributes a chart with descriptive text of the Red Sea, showing its various depths, and J. Menges takes up the cudgels, apparently successfully, in defence of the African elephant, whose usefulness to the explorer was recently assailed by the well-known traveller, G. Rohlfs. H. Semler continues his discussion of the changes wrought in the flora of California by artificial cultivation, dwelling principally upon the larger fruits, as oranges, apples, pears, peaches, etc.

The second issue of *Sun and Shade* (Photogravure Co., 853 Broadway) is dated October, and a regular monthly issue is contemplated. Like the first, the employment of other processes than the photogravure produces an inharmonious impression. By the former there is a fine portrait of Mr. Edward Atkinson, with which is thrown in a "Study in Statistics," by this writer—a diagram denoting the decline in the rate of interest since 1860, the gain in the purchasing power of wages, loss in the purchasing power of income, etc.

Any of our readers having complete volumes of the *Nation*, bound or unbound, which they are ready to bestow for better preservation and a wider use, are requested to send them to the Reform Club of this city, at No. 12 East Thirty-third Street.

—The portrait of Emma Lazarus, with which the October *Century* opens, will recall to lovers of poetry some firm, vigorous verses, often remarkable for imagination, especially when inspired by the fiery intensity of her Jewish nature. The somewhat full sketch of her life in the body of the magazine relates an interesting early career; but the noticeable point in it is the extraordinary change brought about in Miss Lazarus when the persecution of the Jews in Europe recreated for her the race-idea, which, seizing on her imagination and sympathies, immediately absorbed her life. Literature up to that time had been for her an academic exercise, and, notwithstanding her talents, she had not made a real impression. Now it became the instrument of living ideas, and the increase of her faculty was at once plain. She did more, however, than write: she joined in the actual philantbropic work done in this city in aid of the refugees from foreign hatred, and from that time was identified with a real and an ennobling cause. The fine vitality of her last, and by far her best, literary work was the result of this. The present sketch is one which, by making her personality known, does the best justice to her short career. The article which, next to this, will attract literary readers, is Walt Whitman's notes upon the scenes in the hospital service; they are extracted from his letters home, and retain, therefore, the intense feeling of the time. Whatever may be thought of the author's claim to be a poet, he has remarkably acute powers of observation; there could be no more living transcripts from life than these brief memoranda of dying men and boys, their faces and words, and the way they met death. They are inexpressibly painful; but so clear, so naked a laying bare of the horror of war, has its own definite value. Mr. Kennan's description of the Tomsk forwarding prison is also a very painful picture of misery; and, in view of what he draws from his own observation and official reports, his criticism of Mr. Lansdell's light-hearted account of these matters is a crushing rejoinder. The remainder of the number is rich in excellent articles; Mr. Roosevelt's "Frontier Types," the review of McClellan's military operations in the Lincoln biography, and the account of the dynamite gun, being the more noteworthy.

—"John Wise, the Forgotten American," is the title of the opening paper, by the Rev. J. H. Crooker, in the September number of the *Magazine of Western History*. Very few persons have ever heard the name of John Wise: it will be found in Drake's 'Dictionary of American Biography,' but it is not contained in 'Appleton's Cyclopædia,' it is not mentioned by Duyckinck, Griswold, Frothingham, or even by Mr. Ellis in the 'Narrative and Critical History'; but Prof. Tyler tells us that he "was the most powerful and brilliant prose writer produced in this country during the colonial times," and his gravestone at Essex, Mass., calls him "a star of the first magnitude." He has also received worthy tributes from Dr. J. S. Clark and Dr. Dexter, and Mr. Crooker's article aims, in a more popular presentation, to set forth the two particulars in which the work of the Essex pastor was of de-

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cisive and critical importance to the American people. In heading the resistance to the tyranny of Andros, for which he was imprisoned and fined, he first proclaimed the doctrine of no taxation without representation; and a few years later, in resisting the centralizing scheme of the Mathers, he triumphantly vindicated the congregational polity of the New England churches. His 'Vindication of the Government of New England Churches,' published in 1717, contains his matured thoughts upon the subject of church polity, and also that "remarkable exposition of the principles of civil government which made it the text-book of liberty for our Revolutionary fathers." In 1772 this book was reprinted, as an agency in the controversies of the times; and the sale of two editions of a thousand copies each "is one of the most remarkable events in the whole history of the American book-trade." Among the subscribers to the second edition were Samuel Eliot, Nathaniel Appleton, John Scollay, William and Thomas Dawes, Artemas Ward, Rev. Edward Emerson of Concord (who took twenty-four copies), and Timothy Pickering. In the same number of this magazine Mr. George W. Julian calls attention to a wilful passage in Mr. Blaine's 'Twenty Years of Congress,' in which the Republican leaders in Congress are severely censured for organizing the Territories of Colorado and Nevada in 1861 without insisting on the Wilmot Proviso. This might pass, for Mr. Julian admits that he cannot himself defend the concession to the peace panic of the hour (the last months of Buchanan's administration). But Mr. Blaine absurdly uses the incident as a pretext for whitewashing Webster's delinquency in the case of New Mexico in 1850, and for this he is rightly scored by his former political associate. Mr. Julian objects to Blaine's commendation of the Missouri Compromise as "wise and patriotic," and says with truth that "there is no conclusive evidence that his [Blaine's] devotion to the colored race rests upon any inwrought principle or real sympathy."

—In his opening address as President of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, Professor Dickson of Glasgow University made some very pertinent remarks concerning the trouble cataloguers experience in finding the full names of authors, which librarians would like to have copied as widely as possible. He said:

"Another grievance is, that, when we have got our author's name, we have too often but half got it. Why should a man hesitate to give his name in full, or at least—what is most important for our purpose—his Christian name, so that he may at once be assigned to his proper place in the catalogue? Why should librarians, in these days of abounding work, have the trouble of searching army lists, or college calendars, clerical or medical directories, the pages of Lorenz or Kayser, to find out what might be so easily given at first hand? Moreover, why should the half-named author not lay claim in full to the merit of his work, and prevent its being credited to another? And why should he bring ever so many innocents, possessing the same initials, into the counter risk of being credited or discredited with its authorship? There seems no reason why the law of copyright should not require an author to give his name in full. At any rate, the toiling librarian may well ask authors, who have possibly never thought of the matter under this aspect, to facilitate by so simple a process the attribution of the *suum cuique*. Even when we have the name in full, there is difficulty enough in assigning to the owners of the same name through successive generations their respective works, as in the case of the well-known Scotch name of Skinner, where the labors of three generations are accumulated on the head of the venerable grandfather, even in the careful catalogue of the Advocates' Library. Why should our difficulties in this matter be indefinitely multiplied?"

—Speaking of cataloguing, we may say, in continuation of our remarks last week, that the matter of coöperative cataloguing came before the American Library Association in a general discussion of "The Future of Cataloguing," introduced by Mr. Fletcher of the Amherst College Library, who has long been laboring to reduce the cost of cataloguing, always a heavy burden on library funds, by preaching the economy, or indeed the necessity, of working together. In this he has followed the tradition of the Association, and not without practical effect, as shown in the foundation of the Publishing Section and the work that has already been done on the 'Essay Index.' But coöperative cataloguing, like individual cataloguing, is slow in producing visible results. Two other questions were discussed at length—freedom of access to the shelves, and the amount of help which it is right to give to those who are looking up the answers to prize questions. On the first the librarians, though fully alive to the two dangers of theft and of misplacement of books, showed a praiseworthy desire to afford to the public the great convenience of access to the books whenever possible, even at the cost of inconvenience to themselves and of occasional loss. Indeed, both discussions showed the strong desire of the librarians to encourage and facilitate reading and research in every way. There was, perhaps, more difference of opinion on the prize-question matter. At any rate, it was clearly brought out that it is not the business of the librarian to find the *answers* to prize questions: the most he may do is set the inquirer on the right road, and teach him, if he can, how to look up questions himself—a teaching which may have considerable educational value, though we fear such seeds often fall on very stony ground.

PRINCE ADAM CZARTORYSKI.

Memoirs of Prince Adam Czartoryski, and his Correspondence with Alexander I.; with Documents, etc., etc. Edited by Adam Gielgud. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. viii, 336; viii, 367. London: Remington & Co.; New York: Scribner & Welford. 1888.

THE actual memoirs of Prince Czartoryski end in 1806, and form but a portion of these volumes, being supplemented by narrative and documents from various sources, mostly unpublished. The editor has done his work acceptably, and has provided it with an index. The publishers furnish good paper and large print, but seem to have no idea of consulting the convenience of readers by using typographical devices for distinguishing the matter of the memoirs from the editor's additions, letters, documents, and the like. With the exception of extracts from an article of Leigh Hunt's, everything is in one uniform type, which, in the absence of marginal references, makes a confusing medley of various kinds of matter.

Prince Adam Czartoryski was born in 1770 and died in 1861. It may be said that the whole of his long life was ardently devoted to his unfortunate country, and that, if he committed any errors, it was his judgment that was at fault and not his patriotism. He belonged to a family of the highest Polish aristocracy, and his father, Adam Casimir, would have been elected King of Poland in 1764 if Catharine II. had not given her preference to his kinsman, Poniatowski. Aside from their high rank, the Czartoryskis were men of great distinction of character, and always wielded their influence for what they honestly believed to be the truest interests of Poland. Even Carlyle, who cannot find words strong enough to express his withering contempt for every "Polack," accords them the negative honor of mentioning their names several times (in his 'Frederick') without once labelling them with a vituperative epithet.

Prince Adam was educated at home, under private tutors. At the age of sixteen he went, with his tutor, on his first journey abroad, and three years later visited Paris and London with his mother, remaining some time in England, where he made a very favorable impression. In 1791 he entered the army, and in the following year took part in a campaign against Russia. After the insurrection of Kosciusko was suppressed, the estates of the Czartoryski family were confiscated. The Emperor Francis of Austria interceded with Catharine II. to cancel the confiscation, but the Empress required, before entering on any negotiations, that Prince Adam and his brother Constantine should go to St. Petersburg and enter the Russian service. After much deliberation, the family accepted the condition, and in May, 1795, the two young men arrived in St. Petersburg. It was a bitter sacrifice for them, for they had been bred to cherish a passionate love of their country, and an equally passionate hatred for her oppressors. Their reception by the brilliant society of the Russian capital was cordial in the extreme, and "by degrees," says Prince Adam,

"we came to the conviction that these Russians, whom we had instinctively learned to hate—whom we indiscriminately classed as malignant and sanguinary beings, with whom we were to avoid every contact, and whom we could not even meet without disgust—that these Russians were much like other people; that there were among them young men who were witty and courteous, and even kind, so far at least as could be judged from their words; that Russian ladies were very amiable; that, in a word, one could live among Russians without repulsion, and even sometimes feel obliged to give them one's friendship and gratitude."

Russian society was but a reflection of the court. Everything that was said or done had reference to the court, and every important impulse came from the court. The Empress Catharine, in spite of her vices and excesses, commanded the veneration, and even the love, of her subjects. Carlyle calls her "a kind of she Louis Quatorze"; and, in like manner, Czartoryski says that "the idolatry of the inhabitants of St. Petersburg for their female Jupiter was in some sort a reproduction of the adoration of Louis XIV." He also finds "an analogy between the court of the Empress Catharine and that of Louis XIV. in so far that his mistresses played exactly the same part at Versailles as her favorites did at St. Petersburg." The most powerful of them at this time was Plato Zuboff, and to him the young princes had to go first in their effort to have the estates of their father restored. Every day at eleven o'clock Zuboff held a literal levee, and an immense crowd of petitioners and courtiers of all ranks assisted at his toilet. "It seemed almost impossible," says the author, "to be humiliated on finding one's self in a crowd composed of the first dignitaries of the Empire, men of the most illustrious names, and generals in command of our provinces, . . . who, after coming in all humility to bow their heads before the favorite, either went away without obtaining a look from him, or stood waiting like messengers while he changed his dress reclining on a sofa." None of them dared to speak or to be seated.

After spending several months in dancing attendance on influential persons, the two brothers were informed that they were to be presented to the Empress at Tsarskoe-Selo, her

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summer residence. They went for instructions to General Branicki, who was in high favor. When they asked him whether they were to kiss the Empress's hand, he replied: "Kiss her where she likes, so long as she gives you back your fortune." He also showed them how to bend the knee. Their reception was a gracious one, and not long after they were appointed officers of Catharine's guard, and were presented with the fortune which had been taken from their father, to whom they returned it by giving him full power to dispose of it. A further appointment as Gentlemen of the Chamber brought the Polish princes into close contact with the Grand-Dukes, the grandsons of Catharine, and led to the lifelong intimacy between Czartoryski and Alexander, who was then but eighteen years old, while his wife was sixteen. Alexander's brother Constantine had just been married, at the age of seventeen, to a princess of Saxe-Coburg.

Prince Adam relates his conversations with the future Emperor. He was deeply moved and surprised that a Russian heir to the throne should entertain sentiments so liberal, humane, and just, and should rejoice at the establishment of the French Republic and wish it success. The attachment thus inspired survived the many disappointments and disillusions of thirty years, and led to important results. Catharine's approval of the intimacy tended to cement it by closing the mouths of objectors. The death of Catharine and the accession of Paul, in 1796, did not interrupt these relations, which were rather confirmed by the appointment of Czartoryski to be aide-de-camp to Alexander. The five years that Paul was suffered to remain on the throne were, in one sense, a reign of terror to his officials and to himself. But the fear which he inspired had some salutary effects. The governors of provinces, being in constant fear of sudden dismissal if any of their abuses were reported to the Emperor, paid more attention to their duties, and in Poland there were fewer acts of oppression and injustice than at any other period of foreign rule. The political opinions of Alexander had so far undergone no change, and, as Czartoryski had obtained a three months' leave of absence to visit his parents, Alexander insisted that before his friend departed he should draft a proclamation to be used during his absence, in case the Grand Duke should be called to the throne during that interval. This proclamation breathed a spirit of liberty and justice, and declared an intention to abdicate after the introduction of the necessary reforms.

In 1798 Paul sent Czartoryski as Minister to the Court of Sardinia, which appointment the latter describes as a disgrace in the guise of a favor. The duties of the Russian Minister at the Court of King Emmanuel were not very arduous, and consisted chiefly in inspiring the King with courage, by assuring him of the friendship of the Emperor Paul, and in sending monthly reports to the Cabinet at St. Petersburg. The only other member of the diplomatic body was Mr. Wyndham. He and Czartoryski used to go to the King's residence every Sunday and holiday. The so-called Minister of Foreign Affairs presented them to the King and Queen; the conversation turned on insignificant subjects, and lasted about twenty minutes. After some jocular remarks, the King would dismiss them, sometimes imitating, in a very comic way, the person of whom he had been speaking. The perambulating court was at this time in Florence, but as soon as news was received of the crossing of the Alps by Napoleon, and of the battle of Marengo, a hasty departure was taken for Rome. From Rome Czartoryski was ordered to Naples, but was recalled home in March, 1801, immediately after the assassination of Paul and the accession of Alexander.

The liberal sentiments of the latter suffered no change when he ascended the throne, but were directed to practical matters, such as reforms in the administration of justice and the establishment of liberal institutions. He surrounded himself with a secret council, composed of young men who sympathized with his views, and of whom Czartoryski was perhaps the most important, and all of whom presently rose to high office. Two or three times a week this secret council met the Emperor to discuss various plans of reform, but for a long time without practical results. In 1802 Czartoryski, the only member of the secret council who had not as yet been appointed to office, was prevailed upon to accept the post of Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs, making the express condition, however, that he should be allowed to resign the appointment whenever its functions became incompatible with his feelings as a Pole. He was also intrusted with the direction of the schools in Russian Poland, and appointed Curator of the University of Wilna. He attended all the conferences with the Foreign Ministers, and drew up all protocols, despatches, and rescripts. He sometimes wrote incessantly for eight or nine hours at a time. In 1804 he was appointed full Minister of Foreign Affairs, his predecessor in office retiring through ill-health, and urging him to accept the place.

He took office with a project to make the Russian Emperor a sort of arbiter of peace for the civilized world and a protector of the weak and oppressed, so that his reign should inaugurate a new era of justice and right in European politics. In order to reduce this idea to a practical form, he drew up a scheme of policy, which he sent to all the Russian representatives at foreign courts. As long as he remained in office he attempted to direct the course of Russian policy in accordance with such principles, which just fell in with the mood in which Alexander then was, but which could not be carried out without leading to a rupture with France. The immediate occasion of the rupture was the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, which, by the way, was the act that Talleyrand pronounced, in his oft-quoted epigram, to be worse than a crime, in that it was a blunder. This event took place March 20, 1804. France and Russia had been at peace since October, 1801. Czartoryski drew up a note, which was sent to the French Ministry through the Russian chargé d'affaires in Paris, protesting against the deed, and demanding an explanation. The reply of France was harsh and insulting. The diplomatic rupture which ensued was a novel one as to its motive. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg had no direct grievance of its own, but was simply moved to resent a violation of international law. Another anomaly was that the state of things produced was not war, but only a suspension of friendly relations. None of the other powers followed the example of Russia, but in the following year the coalition between Russia and England against Napoleon was formed, and was joined by Austria and Sweden.

The secret instructions given to the special Russian envoy sent to England to negotiate a basis of operations against Napoleon, are remarkable for their liberality and breadth of view. It is suggested that the two powers, while restoring the King of Sardinia to the throne, would be justified in urging him to give his people a free and wise constitution; Switzerland should be given a government based on local requirements and the wishes of the people; the same principle should guide with regard to Holland. Everywhere public institutions should be founded on the sacred rights of humanity and on the spirit of wisdom and benevolence. Such phrases as the following are not what one looks for from the Autocrat of all the Russias, and it may be assumed that the sentiments as well as the language belong to Czartoryski rather than to Alexander, although, perhaps, for the moment, shared by the latter:

"It is in tearing off the masks worn by governments which, for their private objects, alternately have recourse to despotism and to anarchy, carefully separating their interests from those of the people over whom they tyrannize, that we may hope for the sincere assistance of the latter, and produce a general enthusiasm for the good cause whose results would be incalculable. . . . The object would be, first, to attach nations to their governments, by making it only possible for the latter to act for the benefit of their subjects. . . . When peace is made, a new treaty should be drawn up; . . . such a treaty might secure the privileges of neutrality, bind the powers who take part in it never to begin a war until after exhausting every means of mediation by a third power, and lay down a sort of new code of international law, which, being sanctioned by the greater part of the European states, would, if violated by any of them, bind the others to turn against the offender and make good the evil he has committed."

In September, 1805, Alexander sent a second special envoy to England, to obtain her consent to the cession of Hanover to Prussia, which the latter power asked as the price of her coöperation against France. This consent was flatly refused, and some interesting conversations between Pitt and the Russian Ambassador in London are here reported. "All the subsidies," said Pitt, "that Prussia asks for herself, for Saxony, for Hesse, and for the Duke of Brunswick, will be given; we shall be delighted to agree to any other indemnity that Prussia may wish to have: but as for the exchange of Hanover, no Minister would be imprudent enough to make such a proposal to the King, and great care will be taken always to conceal it from him." In a later conversation, Pitt said that the proposal to give up Hanover would either kill George III. or drive him mad, "and that, after losing a sovereign so much esteemed and cherished, the country would no longer consent to bear the enormous sacrifices of money it was making for Continental wars. To provoke so fatal a crisis as the death or insanity of the King would therefore be most ruinous to the interests of Europe." Three months later, after the battle of Austerlitz, Hanover was ceded to Prussia by France, as a bribe for having remained neutral.

In June, 1806, Prince Czartoryski resigned his post as Minister of Foreign Affairs. He had previously addressed to the Emperor several very frank remonstrances on the latter's policy. In addition to the reasons for retiring from office which he therein stated, he had one other very potent one, which he could not state with propriety. The hopes of the Poles had been raised by Napoleon, and it was expected that the latter would strive to give them support against Russia by promising to restore their independence; in that case, Prince Adam could not continue to direct the policy of a state with which his countrymen were at war. But although he had ceased to be Minister, the Prince continued for many years an esteemed counsellor of the Emperor, and used his influence constantly in favor of a reconstruction of Poland. He was present at the negotiations for the Peace of Tilsit (in 1807), when the Duchy of Warsaw was created and placed under the

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rule of the King of Saxony; and at the Congress of Vienna, in October, 1814, he played so prominent a part that Lord Castlereagh wrote to Lord Liverpool that the Prince, "although not in any official situation, now appears the actual Russian Minister, at least on Polish and Saxon questions." For more than a year prior to this date his private secretary had been in England trying to enlist public opinion in favor of Poland, and had succeeded in warmly interesting Brougham, who wrote a pamphlet on behalf of Poland, and used his influence in the press and otherwise for the cause.

Space fails us to follow the Prince through all the disappointments which his patriotic hopes were doomed to endure. In 1823 he resigned his post of Curator of the Wilna University, in consequence of the atrocious persecution of the students by the Russian authorities. Two years later, Alexander I. died, and was succeeded by Nicholas. In 1830 Poland revolted, and Prince Czartoryski was elected President. In the war with Russia which ensued, he enlisted as a private soldier, at the age of sixty. After the collapse of the revolution, he proceeded to London. He survived for thirty years, most of which were spent in Paris, and continued to watch for opportunities to aid his country. Perhaps the last service he was able to render it was just prior to and during the Crimean war, when he gave valuable advice to Napoleon III., and, although more than eighty-three years of age, showed a remarkable ability in entering into detail and an extraordinary memory. He died November 15, 1861, and cherished to the last his hopes of his country's resurrection.

MORE NOVELS.

Eugenia; A Friend's Victim. By Alten Hurlba (W. P. H.) Welles Publishing Co.

A Counsel of Perfection. By Lucas Malet. D. Appleton & Co.

In Hot Haste. By Mary E. Hullah. Henry Holt & Co.

Fraternity: A Romance. Macmillan & Co.

A Pure-Souled Liar. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

Pictures of Hellas. By Peder Mariager. Translated from the Danish by Mary J. Safford. Wm. S. Gottsberger.

The History of Nicolas Muss. Translated from the French of Charles Du Bois-Melly. Harper & Bros.

'EUGENIA; A Friend's Victim,' is a peculiarly nonsensical story of hypnotism told in bad English and rank style. The elaborated but wholly superfluous horrors and mysteries stand in gory masses quite detached from any possible connection with any supposed construction. It might be the work of a schoolboy who had fed and battened upon Conway and Haggard. It is inscribed to "my tried and trusted friend Mr. Frederick Peakes," to whom we extend sincere sympathy, regarding him (and supposing that he must regard himself) as cast for the title-rôle.

'A Counsel of Perfection' is a refreshing novel of a merit quite above the average. There is a grace and delicacy in the style and in the air of the story which recalls that happy hour when was made the acquaintance of Miss Thackeray's 'Story of Elizabeth.' The resemblance ends with these traits, for in the unwilling cynicism of the present volume are touches which recall the elder rather than the younger Thackeray. The characters in 'A Counsel of Perfection' are few, but of a distinctness which never hardens into exaggeration, and shows the work of the artist no less than of the writer. Dr. Casteen, locked up in his church heresies, and living to-day not later than the year 316, is a pendant portrait to the immortal Casaubon. The spinster Lydia, with her child's heart and her lion's courage, is a study of life between youth and middle age which we do not remember to have seen so well done—with so fine heed to the young and warm impulses of such a character and its old and cold judgments, and at the same time with such entire avoidance of caricature. Mr. Denison, aptly described as "one-fourth angel and three-fourths unmitigated bore," and his worldly, shrewd, brainless wife, are admirably clear personalities. Antony Hammond, the apostle of the smooth and comfortable for others as well as for himself, made up of many complex but shallow currents, kind and shifty, is excellently adapted to the post assigned him of modernizing the shrinking Lydia, and bringing the shadows into the story by his fatal inability to stand out of the sunshine. The balance is harmoniously held between the light and the serious both as to places and persons. Dr. Casteen's dim study, the sparkling air of Switzerland, the mossy churchyard of Bishop's Marston, each lends itself in turn finely to the writer's deeper use. The wit that plays through the book keeps the atmosphere free from miasma, and if it does pitilessly light up some ugly troubles that beset humanity, it also brings into cheerful clearness the philosophy which can outlive and live down worse woes than Lydia Casteen's.

That portion of the public which must have a periodically recurring story of a German baronial estate, a golden-haired maiden, a dragon cousin, a Caliban of a lover who is at the last disclosed as a Lord Orville of a husband, may gratify its longing by reading 'In Hot Haste,' unless, indeed, another perusal of its thumbed 'Gold Elsie' or its dog-eared 'Old Mam'selle's Secret' is more convenient, in which case it would not be repaid for any considerable trouble by noteworthy novelties in this later story. To such readers may be left the exquisite bliss of the accustomed. To those whose leisure hours may not be so many, it can do no harm to hint that the baronial estates are always saved from the interloping Jew, that the beardless and unknown hero of the first chapter always turns out to be the bearded conqueror of the last; that the blue-eyed maiden always survives the cruel treatment she receives as governess in the English family; and that Caliban always casts off his superfluous austerities and shows his lamb's nature in the end.

'Fraternity' is truly named "A Romance," but not because its incidents are excessively marvellous, as works of fiction go. Compared with those of many novels, they are every-day matters, though displaying a due share of lost children, lost parents, lost property, and similar stock in trade of the story-teller. The romance lies in the atmosphere of the book, rarefied by the permeating idea of the Fraternity of Man, not as a theory, but a practice. Equality is distinctly denounced as being against reason, the mere trial of it leading to "terrible and futile" ends; but a generous fraternity reducing all "*hurtful* inequality" is the author's remedy for social ills. This theory leads to some apotheosizing of begging as a boon to the giver, which in a romance perhaps finds a natural home. The doctrine of Fraternal Socialism will seem more pointedly put when some author shall be consistent enough not to make all his high-souled paupers turn out to be eldest sons of old families, and his renunciatory young ladies of rank unconsciously marry money. That Edward Haig proves to be a scion of an ancient Welsh family is clearly, in the author's mind, as triumphant a badge of superiority as ever was strawberry-mark upon the arm of rightful prince. We beg to plead with our writer, in the words of his compatriot, Captain Fluellen: "Peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars and in the derivation of my birth and in other particularities."

But with these strictures our grudge against the book ends. It is cause of thankfulness that stories are written in the generous and high-minded tone of this one. The too wild Celtic strain brings compensation in fresh pictures of Welsh scenery, Welsh patriotism, and Welsh home life. The hero will be dear to all who like Kenelm Chillingly and Daniel Deronda, who know that such men do not exist, but who wish they did. Further, it must always be refreshing to pass an hour among ideals, temporarily removed from bread and butter, with men and with women who are not afraid to borrow each other's best qualities, and who, while living by the highest standards, are not perpetually enforcing the right by dwelling upon the wrong.

For such crystalline work one feels renewed gratitude on plunging into the muddy depths of 'A Pure-Souled Liar.' The Liar's declaration in her last moments, of her belief that the true is better than the beautiful, is intended presumably to be the culmination of the book's teaching. Even this white-shining sentiment, however, does not justify the pages which lead to it. Whether they sin more against truth or against beauty might be a question, if it were worth while to add a moment to the noisome hour wasted in their perusal.

The Greek in the soul may be pleasantly fed by reading 'Pictures of Hellas,' differing from the greater number of recent stories of which the scene is laid on classic soil, by antedating them. These offer a nearly unused and a wholly inspiring point of view. One tale goes back to the Pelasgian period, the author himself admitting that little is known of that time, but building upon a single historic fact and the ancient idea of the voice of Fate an impressive and living tale. The scenes of others are laid in Athens, on the Ægean Sea, and in Thessaly, and all are full of color and motion, and leave the reader steeped in the spirit of the times of "the flowering of Hellas," whether under the sky, or in caves of Hymettus, or beneath Athenian porticoes, or in the dwellings of fair Attic maidens.

The 'History of Nicolas Muss' purports to be the account given by a household servitor of Admiral Coligny of the "vigil, feast, and octave of the Saint-Barthélemy of that year, 1572." The bare historic facts connected with these terrible days are so dramatic that dressing them out in story form comes dangerously near an impertinence, and certainly can hardly add to their novelty or interest. M. Du Bois-Melly, however, has escaped the danger as far as is possible by his quaintly worded narrative—well translated into fittingly antiquated English—and there is no doubt that the autobiographic form has a vitality for many minds impervious to the charms of a plain historical recital. The little book, then, will deservedly find a welcome from such readers as like their history sugar-coated and spiced with gossip. The notes, which add to the value of the book, might have been fused with the text in many cases, and so have made a more homogeneous narrative.

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GERMAN LITERARY USAGE.

Sprachgebrauch und Sprachrichtigkeit im Deutschen. Von Karl Gustaf Andresen. Fünfte Auflage. Heilbronn: Gebrüder Henninger. 1887.

RECENT years have been fertile in books that aim in their several ways at the purification of the German language and the improvement of German style. Thus we have the well-known 'Wörterbuch der Hauptschwierigkeiten' and the more recent 'Stil-Musterbuch' of Dr. Daniel Sanders, the useful 'Antibarbarus' of Keller, and various other works that might be mentioned. But among all these treatises Andresen's is easily best, whether for the German writer who needs a practical handbook for his own guidance or for the foreign student who may occasionally wish to know how the case stands between the prescriptions of theory on the one hand and the facts of practice on the other. For the fifth edition the work before us has been thoroughly revised, and also reprinted with a smaller page. It is now a handy volume of just 400 pages, exclusive of the long and indispensable index.

In a brief introduction the author defines his position with regard to the nature and competence of grammatical authority. With Horace, he holds that usage must be the final arbiter; if a locution is once firmly established and generally accepted, it is a part of the language, no matter how illogical or ungrammatical it may appear to be. But when is a usage firmly established? How many and what kind of speakers and writers are necessary to accredit it properly? Everybody knows that a particular habit of speech may be at the outset simply the result of ignorance or carelessness or affectation. In such case the new locution always has to make its way, if it makes its way at all, at the expense of something better. Now, here, as Andresen very properly holds, is the right place for the counsels and the remonstrances of the grammarian. While usage is still conflicting, or not yet general, the theorist may and should make himself heard for the furtherance of what is good and the banishment of what is bad from the theoretical point of view. Our author's method is to take up by topics the disputed points of German usage, state and comment upon the rule of the textbooks, and then indicate by means of illustrative quotations how the rule actually fares at the hands of the German people and their representative writers. These quotations are the most valuable part of the book; they are culled from a variety of different authors and newspapers; the names of Goethe, Jacob Grimm, and the Cologne *Gazette* being of the most frequent occurrence.

On the subject of spelling-reform Andresen would go further than the new Prussian rules go, but would stop short of a purely phonetic system. He is of those who hold that one of the functions of orthography is to preserve a record of facts in the history of speech. He likes neither the German print nor the practice of using initial capitals for substantives, but appears to think the cause of reform hopeless—the abandonment of the capital initials even more hopeless than the general introduction of the Latin print. As between "reines Herzens" and "reinen Herzens" our author recommends the former. The weight of contemporary usage seems to be in favor of the weak inflection "reinen." Grimm advocated and used the strong form. Goethe's practice wavers, but, upon the whole, favors the weak form. Here we have to do with a modern innovation (the weak inflection is not found in Luther) which came in originally in defiance of grammar, and is now engaged in a conflict with the older locution. In such a case, argues Andresen, one who wishes to follow the best counsel will do well to take sides with what is historically correct. But this argument, we must observe, loses much of its force unless it is shown that the innovation itself was at the outset fortuitous. If there was a reason behind it—if, for example, it was the result of phonetic analogy, or if it was due to a desire to avoid a succession of sibilant endings—then we have to do with a new "law" crossing the old one and modifying its action, under particular circumstances. In that event, it would be difficult to see why we should be called on to reprobate "reinen Herzens" on historical grounds, unless we were also prepared to reprobate the cause which produced that form from the older one. If this were not so, we could have no peace until we had restored all the grammatical apparatus that ever belonged to our language. To our thinking, it is with the parvenus of language as with other parvenus: when they have been long with us and have acquired a standing in the community, there is nothing for it but to take them on their own merits without inquiring too narrowly into the length of their pedigree. It is only the fresh parvenu, with the marks of a base origin still upon him, that criticism can hope to make any impression upon.

As between "mit gutem rothem Weine" and "mit gutem rothen Weine," our author holds that it is not necessary to decide, since the phrases have different meanings; the latter being equivalent to "mit gutem Rothweine,' whereas the former brings the color into prominence. Our own observation indicates, however, that locutions like "mit langem weissen Bart" are growing in favor even for cases where it cannot be said that the second adjective is, after a fashion, taken for granted, or forms a compound idea with its substantive. Against the growing use of such superlatives as "hochverehrtest," "tieffühlendst," Andresen enters his protest. Probably, the protest will be ineffective in spite of its obvious propriety; at any rate, we find one of his German critics disagreeing with him, and urging that there is a valuable difference between "die hochgestelltesten" and "die höchstgestellten Männer."

Since the days of Adelung the grammatical authorities have, as a rule, counselled against the use of the neuter "es" with a preposition, advocating for example, "dafür" or "für dasselbe" instead of "für es." Andresen repudiates this doctrine, and commends the Cologne *Gazette* for writing: "Das eine der beiden Kinder war von einer Thür, die *über es* gestürzt war, das andere durch einen *auf es* gefallenen Stuhl, beschädigt worden." In the present conjugation of verbs like "blasen," "essen," "dreschen," Andresen recommends the long forms "du bläsest," "issest," "drischest," although usage is all but overwhelmingly in favor of "bläst," "isst," "drischt." On page 76 we find a reference to "the six verbs which exhibit *Rückumlaut* in the preterite," although the best authorities are now telling us that there is not and never was any such thing as *Rückumlaut*. The now very common locution "ich anerkenne" for "ich erkenne an" is objected to by our author, and in this connection the remark is made that usage sanctions neither "er aufersteht" nor "er ersteht auf"; whence the conclusion is inevitable that this verb is not available to express the thought, "he rises from the dead."

Highly interesting are the pages upon the use of illogical or elliptical modifiers, as in "reitende Post," "schwindelnde Höhe," "knieende Bitte," etc. Expressions of this kind were objected to by Adelung, but very many of them are now in use, and Andresen sees no objection to them, although for Goethe's "blasende Instrumente" he thinks it better to say "Blasinstrumente," and for "fallende Sucht" (compare our *falling-sickness*), "Fallsucht." The multiplication of such expressions in modern German may be in a measure due to French phrases like *café chantant*, or to the misunderstood analogy of English *writing-table* and the like. At any rate, they have now become so numerous that Andresen is willing to defend the fish-dealer's advertisment: "Lebende Ankunft wird garantirt." As regards this last phrase, it may be noticed that while in English we might get along with "Live delivery guaranteed," we could hardly tolerate the substitution of "living" for "live." So, too, though we speak of a "dizzy height," we have no provision for a "shuddering height." In general it may be said that the tendency to make an adjective do duty for a phrase or a sentence is more marked in German than in either English or French. We often hear "English lessons" and "Italian tour," but recognize "lessons in English" and "tour in Italy" as better. So in French, but in German "englische Stunden" and "italienische Reise" are almost the rule. Andresen is even able to quote from the *Kreuz-Zeitung* an advertisement in which a noble lady deplores the death of her "unvergesslichen, *langen* Ehemannes," the adjective being intended to signify that the deceased had *long* been her husband.

On the fruitful subject of long and complicated sentences, Andresen has some remarks for which, were there hope that they might do any good, the civilized world should be grateful to him. His collection of syntactical monstrosities on page 319 ff. is one of the most entertaining and at the same time appalling that we have encountered. This familiar vice of German style is analyzed by Andresen, and ascribed to a desire on the part of writers to crowd into the compass of a single sentence, not only an essential thought, but also everything that happens to come into the mind as connected, directly or indirectly, with the thought. To turn off good periods that are at the same time long and involved, is no doubt possible in any language, but to do it requires care, patience, and skill. Unless a writer has a genius for style, his attempt to exhaust all the incidental implications of his thought as he passes by, is more likely to bewilder and repel his reader than to edify him, or to impress him with the mental acumen displayed. Some of the sentences quoted by Andresen have reminded us of the movements of an untrained cur in pursuit of large game: the animal cannot content himself to follow the main scent, but continually scurries off into the bushes upon every rabbit-track that crosses his path, and then, with endless snuffing at this and that, zigzags his way back as best he can to the course he ought never to have abandoned. A single example from the Cologne *Gazette* may serve to point our moral and conclude our notice:

"Wie bekannt, hatte Herr Appellationsgerichtsrat Rottels auf Grund der über die wegen ihres Widerstands gegen die jüngsten vatikanischen Beschlüsse ausgesprochenen Excommunication gegen die Forderung fernerer Steuern Seitens der Kirchenbehörde den Rechtsweg beschritten und das hiesige Friedensgericht No. 2, in welchem der trotz seiner Excommunication Besteuerte die die Execution betreibende Stadtgemeinde verklagte, zu Gunsten desselben entschieden und das Stadtverordnetencollegium sich hierbei ohne Appellation beruhigt, weil die Sache nur die betreffende Pfarrgemeinde, nicht aber die Stadtgemeinde angehe."

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Poetry, Comedy, and Duty. By C. C. Everett, D.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

THE analysis of the æsthetic and ethical elements in the mind is one of the most interesting subjects of philosophy. It is also one that is so fruitful in absurdities as to make it a great pleasure to meet with a book such as this of Prof. Everett's, in which the whole matter is treated lucidly and with a certain unity running through it. Little claim for real originality would be made for the substance of the volume, although the author's mind plays freely about the material which his scholarship has provided him with: he acknowledges that portions of what he affirms are drawn from Hegel, and he refers other parts of the truth to Schopenhauer; but he has framed his thoughts, however derived, into a consistent and intelligible whole. He takes the idealistic point of view, finds beauty to be an object of contemplation, poetry to be a representative art, with the ideal for its subject. In ethics, similarly, from motives of love and honor and under an obligation of obscure and blended origin, men take that practical attitude towards the ideal which is summed up in the word duty. In the æsthetic branch of the inquiry, the nature of poetry as an art, the poetic aspect of nature, the analysis of tragedy and comedy, are the principal topics, after the subject has been philosophically opened. In these chapters there are criticisms of an acute and thoughtful kind in explanation of those matters which the great masters of formal analysis have advanced, from Aristotle to Kant and Spencer, and it is observable that all are noticed with equal courtesy. Much of the ground is still doubtful. Prof. Everett offers a single suggestion of his own with reference to the fact that incongruities in tragedy give pain and in comedy give amusement: he thinks that the difference lies in this, that the comic incongruities affect only the form, the tragic go further and affect the contents. Comedy passes into tragedy when the results of the action enter into the thought; "nothing is comic to the heart." It is an interesting distinction, and falls in with the logical habits of the author's mind and style.

These matters, however, require too ample illustration in their discussion to be entered upon here. It is necessary only to notice the author's clear and precise method of developing his subject, the absence of all dogmatism and controversy from his manner, the extreme conscientiousness of his thinking, which are distinguishing qualities of his work. Those who are skilled to think and to write like this are few in our day—perhaps because logical discipline is no longer what it was in the old schools.

Books and Men. By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

THIS is one of those books by a reader which are often so delightful a resource in leisure hours. The author is also a good writer, with a pleasant rippling style, and occasionally the sparkle of piquancy on the surface—able enough to hold her own with words; but first of all she is a reader, and this small volume of miscellaneous papers is the fruit of her enjoyment of her library. They are seven in number, and range from the ways of children and parents to the character of Claverhouse; but, whatever the subject, superstition or criticism or sentiment or pessimism, the essay has the same sort of interest. There is abundance of anecdote, usually drawn from history or imaginative literature, which gives the reader a comfortable sense of being familiar with a great many more books than he has ever read; and these illustrations are selected with skill and effectively grouped. If the elder Disraeli had been a reviewer of rather unimportant books, we should fancy him writing in such a style, with this blending of illustrations from widely different sources with good taste and excellent sense in the substance of the thought. The author is by no means the slave of her books: she has the freedom of the little literary citadel which is hers; and her remarks are those of an observant and thoughtful mind, not without a disposition to a certain grave humor which flavors the page. Her advice with respect to children's books we have already commended, and the essay now reprinted seems to us the most useful, and in style the brightest, in the small collection.

Perhaps the volume occasionally suffers from the triviality of its subjects, for many themes are glanced at in its pages; and in such parts, as, for example, with Mr. Edgar Fawcett's opinion of critics, the topic is really so slight that no wisdom in the comment can reconcile us to wasting our time over it. It is not every book that can be made an excuse for such literary recreation as this author delights in, not every writer that can be fitly yoked in the same reference: Mr. Saltus and Leopardi, for example, are not twins of the intellect. There is some disproportion in the author's literary perspective. This, nevertheless, is a delightful new form of the miscellaneous article, and within its limits it reaches real excellence both in matter and form. Moreover, beside its seriousness and its touch of humor, it has a very agreeable weakness for the shapes of old romance—giant-killing and hero-worshipping ghosts that never come to the "materializing" point, and other trifles of the imagination. Altogether, the author affords a fine and full expression of what one may call her private literary life.

Elementary Political Economy. By Edwin Cannan, M. A. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 1888.

THE difficulty of preparing elementary treatises is generally in an inverse ratio to their size, and this is certainly true of the science of political economy. There are large tracts of debatable ground still to be apportioned and regulated, and some even of the most important definitions are yet unsettled. Under these circumstances, an author may present such doctrines as may be called canonical, omitting controversial matter; or he may adopt the views of a certain writer or school, and call them the science. He cannot, within the limits of an elementary treatise, take up controverted points and state opposing theories. It is necessary, in short, to be guilty both of the sin of omission and of the sin of commission. We cannot praise Mr. Cannan more highly than by saying that his sins of both kinds are on the whole of a venial character, and that his merits are conspicuous. He has a strong grasp of the subject, his style is clear, and his method is sensible. His book is not meant for children—indeed, it frequently taxes the attention of readers well acquainted with the subject; but it is never obscure.

The first part of it is devoted to explaining the causes of the wealth of nations, the second part deals with the causes of the wealth of individuals exclusive of the influence of State action, and the third shows how these causes are modified by such action. The first part is excellent, but the others are more open to criticism. The discussion of value is not satisfactory, perhaps for lack of space to make it so, and there are many statements that are altogether too sweeping. Such are the declarations, that where public criticism is freely allowed, State management is as good as that of large joint-stock enterprises; that no man will be restrained from adding to his income by any increase of income tax; and that in the case of excise duties the remuneration of the producers will be diminished directly by the deduction of the tax from their profits. Why did the distillers during our civil war persuade Congress to increase the tax upon whiskey? But, as we have intimated, the necessity of making unqualified statements is the constitutional weakness of elementary treatises, and this book offends less than most of its class.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Ames, Lucia T. Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Beecher, Rev. H. W. Sermons in Plymouth Pulpit. 4 vols. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. $1.50 each.
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Eggleston, E. The Graysons: A Story of Illinois. The Century Co. $1.50.
Gidumal, D. The Life and Life-Work of Behramji M. Malabari. Bombay: Education Society Press.
Goldsmith, O. The Vicar of Wakefield. Scribner & Welford.
Greene, H. R. Inductive Language Lessons: Elementary Grammar and Composition. A. Lovell & Co. 54 cents.
Hale, E. E., Sr. and Jr. Franklin in France. Part II. The Treaty of Peace, and Franklin's Life till his Return. Boston: Roberts Bros. $3.
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Henty, G. A. The Lion of St. Mark: A Tale of Venice. Scribner & Welford.
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Holden, W. Song of the Sea. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
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